MAY 3, 1941

Liberty

5¢

THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH WOMEN? by Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt

THE PAPER CROWN — A Novelette, Complete in this Issue, by THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW

Travel the Trails They Blazed

FOR those who hold its future in their hands, the story of their country's past should live and breathe. History is what real people did, in real places, to make possible the freedom, the happiness and prosperity which we enjoy today. The places are still there, and many of them are not far away. You and your children can visit them. Not "some day" but now—this summer.

Just a few delightful hours on a swift, comfortable, safe train and you too can be standing where the great of history stood before. In the very rooms where they lived. On fields where they died to give us the freedom we have never cherished more highly than we do today.

Now is the time to visit the places you've always wanted to see. And you can cover so much more ground, see so much more, save time and energy for sightseeing, if you go by rail.

"See America" for $90

Start from any place in the United States. Circle from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from North to South—with liberal stopovers for sightseeing—and back to where you started. All for $90 railroad fare in coaches, $135 if you go Pullman (plus $45 for one or two passengers in a lower berth).

SEE YOUR LOCAL TICKET AGENT

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS WASHINGTON, D. C.

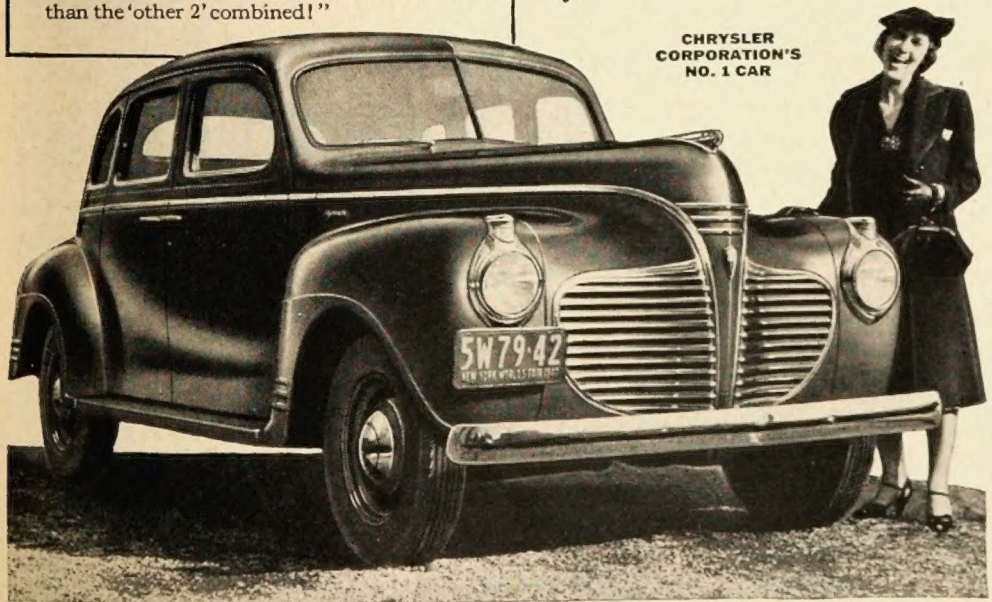
"We Want the Safest Car"

"THAT'S WHY we changed to the beautiful new Plymouth," says Mrs. Bates. "Plymouth is so responsive... so easy to steer and stop...so much steadier on the road! And those new Safety Rim Wheels are a wonderful safeguard in case of a blowout. I feel much safer when I'm driving now."

STATEMENT
by Mrs. Blanche Bates
New Rochelle, N.Y.

"WE MADE COMPARISONS. The rear seat in Plymouth is widest of "All 3" low-priced cars ... and Plymouth has more quality features than the 'other 2' combined!"

"Glad We Changed to Plymouth!"



EACH WEEK, new thousands change cars to get the new safety, comfort and performance of the new Plymouth.

Only Plymouth, of "All 3" low-priced cars, has Safety Rim Wheels—designed to keep a flat tire from rolling off. And you get the roominess of a 117" wheelbase—longest of "All 3."

In addition, Plymouth gives you more power per pound of weight than either of the "other 2." You do less gear-shifting.

Ride Plymouth, and you'll *buy* it! *Prices subject to change without notice.* Plymouth Division of Chrysler Corporation.

Tune in Major Bowes, Thursdays, C.B.S.

See Plymouth's New 1941 Commercial Cars!

The New Plymouth—Greatest Plymouth of All Time—is Lowest-Priced of "All Three" on Many Models

New Thousands Switch Each Week to Get the GREATEST PLYMOUTH EVER BUILT

Joan Blondell, co-star of the Universal picture "Model Wife", is...

...pictured here with Mr. John J. Flannery, of famous Children's Bus Service. This service takes 20,000 New York...

...children to and from school daily in 156 buses. All 156 buses use Sinclair H-C Gasoline and are Sinclair-lubricated for safety. For the safe lubrication...

...of your car, see your nearby Sinclair Dealer. He offers you a special Sinclair-ize for summer service. It will safely lubricate your car for summer and take care of other important safety items. It may save you real money to have your car Sinclair-ized for summer now.

WHY SHOULDN'T MY CHILD THINK THAT ABOUT ANY WAR?

TAVARES, FLA.—I'm both a parent and a teacher, but still I'm pretty dumb, I guess. I can't for the life of me find any objection to the quotation from Dr. Rugg's book (March 8 Liberty): "Treat the War for Independence essentially as an economic struggle between ruling classes of England and the colonies."

Mr. Sokolsky's question: "Is that what you want your child to think of Washington and Lafayette and Valley Forge and Yorktown?" leaves me totally unimpressed.

Why shouldn't my child think that about any war? They are all cooked up by one "ruling class" or another and all are fundamentally for economic reasons. The sooner we just take that for granted, the sooner we can get at a basis for international co-operation . . . and outgrow the war system.—*Marguerite Hamlett.*

THE FIRST BIRD OF SPRING

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Spring being here, an old song returns to mind. It went—

The first bird of spring,
He sat down to sing;
He thought he would warble a note.
He fell from the limb,
For a dead bird was him—
The music had froze in his throat!

Published weekly by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, 205 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. O. J. Elder, President; Haydock Miller, Secretary; Charles H. Shattuck, Treasurer. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. In the United States and possessions, 5c a copy, $2.00 a year. In Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana, $2.50 a year. In all other countries, $4.50 a year. In entering a new or renewal subscription for Liberty please allow thirty (30) days from the time you send us the subscription and the time when you can expect the first copy. A request for change of address must also reach us at least thirty (30) days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and explicit name and address), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

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Does any one know who wrote those sweet words, or the music to them? I've known the song since I was knee-high to nothing, but I never knew its origin or author.—*Noel H. Ward.*

CHARLESTON'S TOWN CRIER

MOUNT PLEASANT, S. C.—Your Advertising Quiz (March 15 Liberty) said there was only one town crier in the United States—in Provincetown, Massachusetts. I am one in the city of Charleston, South Carolina. I have been the town crier for thirty-three years.—*M. H. Collins.*

[So sorry we didn't know. But anyway the field isn't overcrowded. Why don't you and the Provincetown honorable hold a convention?—VOX POP EDITOR.]

NO UMBRELLAS IN CALIFORNIA?

TUCSON, ARIZ.—Replying to your query on the collapsible umbrella of John Van Nuland (March 22 Vox Pop):

The solution is simple and incontestable. No Californian would acknowledge the necessity for the invention of a collapsible or any other kind of umbrella in the State of California, any more than a Floridian would admit the practical need of a hot-water bottle for warmth in the State of Florida. The inventor should stick to sunshades and ice cubes.—*A. R. Dimock, M. D.*

LADIES, GUARD HOME FIRES!

PORTLAND, ORE.—Shall We Have a Woman's National Guard? (March 8 Liberty.) Let them guard the home fires! If mom, Aunt Annie, and sister Sue get busy shouldering a rifle to help Bud out on the firing line, the home fires are apt to go out. The help of these esteemed ladies would likely be much more appreciated if they stuck to their post, stoking the home fires so that Johnny will be sure to have his cup of coffee when he "comes marching home."

When man takes to bearing the babies, let woman start shouldering a gun.—*Minnie Martin Shank.*

CALLS FOR ED'S NONSENSE

LONG BEACH, CALIF.—The way the world is today, we could use a little more of the nonsensical humor of Ed the talking horse.—*R. A. W.*

[We think so too. More coming soon.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Bundy

June: Hello, serious! How's the book? Got a new thriller?

Nancy: Oh, it's nothing much. Just a little thing I sent for.

June: Wow! "How to be a glamour girl!" Well, of all the . . .

Nancy: Stop it! You're a spite cat, June. A girl's *got* to have a *little* something these days.

June: I'll say she has! And you're going to start getting it! Glamour, my grandpa! The way you've been moping around and picking at your food! I'll bet you're not even on speaking terms with vitamins. What you need is more "pep appeal"!

June: And here's where we make a start toward getting more vitamins. You've got to have them all, and right in this delicious cereal—called KELLOGG'S PEP—are extra-rich sources of two of the most important ones—vitamins B_1 and D.

Nancy: Hey! Hold the sales talk! This is the most gorgeous cereal I ever tasted. And to think I never knew that getting vitamins could be fun. Am I going to have KELLOGG'S PEP every morning!

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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"You'd never be in a spot like this, if you'd asked for a Talon fastener!"

"No?..."

"No! Every Talon fastener is rigidly inspected 37 different times in the making...just to keep fellows like you out of barrels!"

"Say!"

"And every Talon trouser fastener is specially designed with special features to give trouble-free service on pants!"

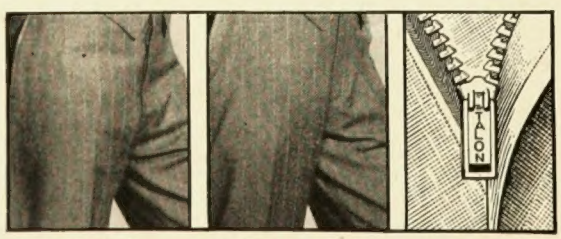
"Wow!"

"You bet, wow!...That's why more than 70 men want Talon slide fasteners to every one naming any other brand*!"

"Seventy to one! Man!"

"Now that barrel isn't very becoming, friend...why don't you run to the nearest store and get yourself a suit with a Talon slide fastener in the pants!"

THE AMAZING POPULARITY of slide-fastened jackets is due largely to the specially-designed Talon separating fastener...with automatic self-lock!



OLD! The 5 clumsy pants closings sometimes caused offensive gaps.

NEW! The Talon fastener. Trim, convenient, locks at top for security.

ALWAYS look for the trademark "Talon" on slide fasteners.

"TALON"

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

the dependable slide fastener

TALON, INC., MEADVILLE, PA.

** Based on the thousands of men expressing a preference in surveys by 43 stores*

O. J. ELDER PUBLISHER • FULTON OURSLER EDITOR IN CHIEF • WALTER LLOYD ART EDITOR

Liberty

MAY 3, 1941 VOL. 18, NO. 18

WHAT DO THEY MEAN BY UNITY?

IN these trying times we hear a great deal about unity. We are told that the nation must be unified in thought and in spirit. Naturally, every patriot must believe in that unity of purpose and will by which the American people stand together in a great resolve to hold on to their way of life. In that resolution they are truly unified. They will resist all attempts, from the outside or from within, to destroy it.

But is that what is meant by unity?

Not always. Sometimes unity is used as a political catchword to stifle all argument, all debate. When so used, no matter with what high motives, it means not unity but uniformity. It means conformity—and conformity without free democratic processes will bring on the very tyranny against which we are urged to unify ourselves. Such conformity is not, never was, and must never be a part of the American way of life—no matter how it is camouflaged.

There is an ancient story about a man who was celebrating his golden wedding anniversary. A reporter asked him the secret of his marital happiness. "Well," the man replied, "in our first year together my wife and I agreed that she was to decide all minor problems and I was to settle all major problems. So far," added the husband, "no major problems have arisen."

We do not want that kind of unity in the United States. Instead, we need a unified and determined and completely patriotic opposition.

That is why even those who are not Republicans must recognize that the United States needs a strong Republican Party. Paradoxical though it sounds, American democracy itself needs the Republican Party.

It must therefore be regrettable to Republicans and Democrats alike that in such a time the air is filled with rumors of a split in the minority leadership. It has been said they cannot even elect a national chairman. Recently, President Roosevelt in his Jackson Day address referred to Mr. Willkie—for the first time mentioning his name publicly since the conventions of last year—calling him the head of the Republican Party. The next day a famous statesman of that party said privately and categorically, "There *is* no head of the Republican Party."

For the good of the country, this confusion in the minority should come to a quick solution. Otherwise, the majority party will have everything its own way—and we shall have totalitarianism in the midst of democracy, a thing loathsome to good Democrats and good Republicans alike.

It must be apparent to all that never before has the United States so needed an active minority as it does today. We are in the midst of grave events indeed. We are being called upon for unity of spirit in one unbroken front against foreign enemies of the democratic principle. That unity the nation is giving freely, without stint or question. At our borders and our coasts politics wilts and dies. We are truly united behind the foreign policy of President Roosevelt.

But that is far from saying that we must blindly follow his erratic leadership as he moves first this way and then that way in the labyrinth of our domestic problems. The American people cannot possibly feel safe without the corrective guardianship of an alert minority, acting vigilantly as a sentinel to save us from the effects of too much power.

It is in time of international crisis that the greatest responsibility falls upon minority leaders. Such crises call for wisdom, patriotism, and unity among themselves. It is their function to act as a check against a headstrong power-swelled majority. So, in the critical days that lie ahead, the very salvation of the democratic processes at home may lie in the hands of the Republican leaders. That is why interparty difficulties must be settled cleanly and quickly.

Liberty expresses no opinion on the merits of these internal disagreements. It does say, without partisanship but with patriotic conviction, that unity in the Republican Party today is a national necessity.

There is no time to lose.

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READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

PART ONE—TIN HATS, AND A BAPTISM OF FIRE

[EDITOR'S NOTE: This self-told story of an English girl soldier combines the actual experiences of a number of A. T. S. girls. Mr. Ayling has painstakingly put together the notes he made when listening to them.]

WHY does everything happen when you're planning something? Kay and I were planning how we were going to enjoy ourselves at the dance the next night at the R. A. F. headquarters, as we bumbled along the Southend Road in the three-tonner, happy as any girls can be in khaki and tin hats.

Kay pulled up suddenly. "You drip!" A Jerry pilot had swooped down out of the sky and was doing his best to tatter us with his machine gun. We waited awhile, and then a bomb came. I ducked and kissed the clutch pedal. Kay just cursed. When I came up we hadn't any windscreen. It was all over us, like confetti.

"Now what do we do, honey?" asked Kay. "This isn't in army regulations, but I guess we go on. This medical junk is urgent. What say you?"

"We'll go on, dear," I said, trying to stop my teeth from jigging.

"O. K. Then it's knees up, Miss Smith. Hold your hat on, darling. Hullo, what's this?"

A man stuck his mug in the door.

"Where d'you think you're going? Don't you know there's a raid on?"

"No, chum, we thought it was the Crystal Palace fireworks," Kay sauced him. "Anyhow, we've got special orders to go. Show the major the passes, duckie!"

"Sorry, miss"—he gaped as if he'd never seen a couple of A. T. S.[1] drivers—"but don't you think you ought to take cover?"

Kay barked, "Nuts! We're on duty, soldier. Is the road up?"

"Not yet, miss," he grinned; "least, we got no signal, but there's hell going on up further—all the wires are down."

"We're not wire walkers, chum, so we go on. Night-night." Kay slipped in her clutch. There was a whiz, as if some one had let off a rocket in our ears. I ducked again. An incendiary this time; it seemed to me to drop just where the soldier was standing. He let out a yell, and we shot forward so fast that my stomach slapped against my backbone! The old three-tonner rocked like a ship. Once Kay trod on the accelerator, and we went like mad. There was some stuff dropping all around. We could feel the blasts crumping against the cabin windows.

"No good stopping now, kid!" Kay shouted. "Might as well go on—gotta get through. Gimme a gasper."

I lit her a smoke and stuck it between her lips.

We were taking medical supplies for an advanced A. A.[2] station somewhere in England, and that somewhere was pretty darned near France.

We got into the depot feeling pretty cheap.

"Say, you kids must have a guardian angel," said the R. A. M. C.[3] quartermaster who checked us in. "Look at that." There was a hole in the hood big enough to crawl through. "Pretty near squeak, girls. You should stay home of nights like mother told you."

I waited for Kay to answer—she's the wit of our company—but she didn't. She just crumpled in a dead faint. They carried her down to the first-aid station and brought her round pretty quickly.

"Sorry, Joy, old duck," she smiled. "That wasn't being a very good soldier, I know, but seeing that fellow back there turned my tummy over. That blasted incendiary got him—you didn't see it, but I saw all I wanted. . . . Oh, God, it was awful!"

Kay fished out a gasper from her tunic pocket.

"Sorry I got you into this, old dear. I'd no idea it was going to be so tough." She lay back and stared at the roof. "And to think I might be back in good old Victoria, B. C., going out with the boys! But I like it. At least I'm seeing life. Gee! There was a time that I thought sitting on a bronc was real living."

I drove home. Presently Kay said, "I think I'll wear that green frock of mine tomorrow night. It's a honey and I want to look nice. I hope they haven't had an inspection and found it in my kit bag."

You see, if you're a woman soldier, you can wear your glad rags when you're on real leave away from camp, but you can't litter up the barracks with feminine pretties. That's strictly against the regulations. Kay and I got ourselves into a fine mess one night. We went to a friend's place, changed there, and put our uniforms in the station cloakroom. Then we went to a dance. Of course Jerry had to drop a time bomb on the station and they wouldn't let us get our togs. We had to be in by twelve. We clambered over the wall at the back of the camp in our undies—you see, the wall had bits of glass on the top to keep the cats off in peacetime, and when you only have one evening frock to see you through the war, you don't want to tear it. We were fixing ourselves up behind the laurel bushes when a sentry heard us.

"Advance, friend, and be recognized!" he shouted.

"Give us a jiff, chum," called Kay. "We're not ready to be recognized!"

War Girl

We waited a while, and a bomb came. I ducked and kissed the clutch pedal.

EDITED BY KEITH AYLING

Femininity, 1941! One of Britain's new soldiers in skirts tells her own gallant, gripping story

1 Auxiliary Territorial Service.
2 Antiaircraft.
3 Royal Army Medical Corps.

"If you don't come and be recognized, I'll fire."

"Oh, you would, would you?" said Kay. "And if you do, you'll be sorry the rest of your life."

He insisted, so out we came, and slap into the guardroom of the A. T. S. we went, undies, evening frocks, and all. Punishment: fatigue and confined to camp for a week. Luckily for us, the time bomb didn't go off, so we got our uniforms back.

We were planning to wear our dance frocks at the R. A. F. ball next night. We'd go in our uniforms and change there.

We got back dead beat. Section Leader Thomas, who was in the W. A. A. C.[1] in the last war, was waiting in the office.

"Good work, girls. Glad you got there. Sorry to bring you back through all this, but A Section wanted a truck. You both must be dead beat. I'm putting you down for a day off and a late pass tomorrow."

---

1 Women's Auxiliary Army Corps.

Bless her! We had some hot cocoa in the canteen and turned in. I couldn't sleep.

A few weeks ago I was a stenog, a kind of movie-two-nights-a-week-wash-your-smalls-at-home girl with an amorous boss rather like Roland Young, and a Max in camp somewhere in England, getting so little leave that he might have been in Mesopotamia. It hurt when Max joined the artillery, because I knew there was danger of his being killed. But we went on as before. We knit-

ted comforters for the boys in the fleet and cut down our smoking because the price of "gaspers" went up, and got ready to pay taxes on our little salaries. And I laid in a horde of silk stockings and chocolate.

Now it is good-by to all that. I lost a lot, including six pounds in weight, but I've gained more. Sometimes when I look at myself now I cannot imagine I was the same person then. Joy Smith in battle dress. Joy Smith dodging Jerry's eggs. Joy Smith doing fatigue, sweeping much away after the boys have been eating. And Joy Smith liking it. The prewar Joy Smith was a queer person, a bit vain about her hands, a bit too fluffy, I suppose, too, and a darned sight lazy. Joy Smith gave up going to church because everybody else did and Sunday seemed the right day to lazy in bed; as if a week in the office making tea for the boss and listening to his love life was too strenuous.

Now I'm as fit as a girl can ever hope to be. I can look the world in the face without a mouth made up like a lipstick advertisement, and I can sweat honestly without feeling ashamed. I've got a uniform that makes the snappiest suit I ever had in peacetime look like a job lot from a bargain basement. Joy Smith is living . . . a he-girl's life with a she-girl's heart.

I'D never seen Kay till she arrived at the door one night a month ago. Up till then Kay Cullum was just a cousin in the backwoods. Canada is a long way away, but not far enough to stop Kay working her passage over as a stewardess to join the army.

"Hullo, Joy," she said. "I'm your cousin Kay. Can you give me a shakedown? Pop gave me your address. You're the only person I know in London."

I and Doris, my roommate in Wimbledon, were trying to stretch our ration on eggs and bacon and a spot of dripping she'd ogled out of the butcher (Doris would ogle a Nazi and get his gas mask) when Kay arrived. Kay's a wow, one of those cold blondes with sea-green eyes and open-air skin. If all Canucks are like her, I wonder why Canada doesn't get all the men. She's hard as nails outside and in, and as beautiful as one of those statues you see in a museum. She carries a punch like a man, and yet she can be as fluffy and feminine as Doris.

"Say, you kids," Kay said that night, "I wanna get into this war. What do I have to do to join the woman's army?" Now, Doris and I had heard on the radio a hundred times that England needed ten thousand women, but Kay had to come all the way from Canada to remind us it was true. When we said we hadn't the faintest idea, she drawled:

"Well, I found my way here, so I guess I'll get there all right. Now let's see the town. I've got a few dollars I could get rid of, so let's chuck them around. Whoopee!"

When Kay lets that go, which apparently the he-men out West do, I've learned that it means big business—so whoopee yeaow! It's our battle cry now. The louder the yeaow, the bigger the battle, round-up, or shindig.

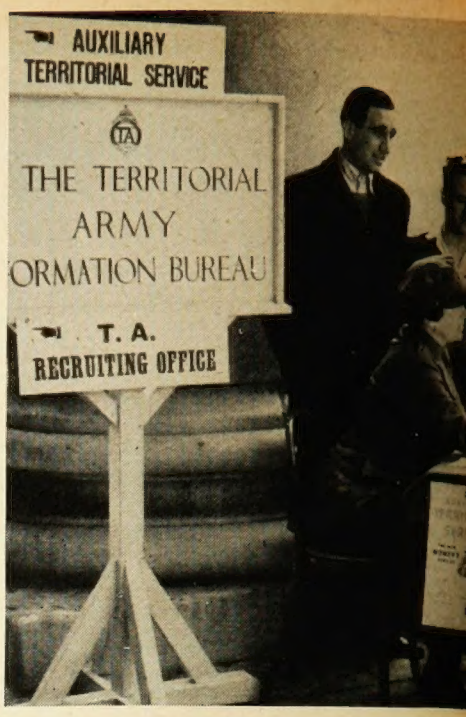
The next morning Kay, Doris, and myself were standing in a queue in the woman's recruiting office in Chelsea. You'd have thought they were showing the latest Clark Gable inside. After an hour and one air-raid warning, just when I was wishing that I could take my shoes off, we got in. The interviewing committee wasn't exactly encouraging, but three hours later, after we'd been stripped and thumped and weighed and measured, we were given numbers and told we were in. Now I am 69296XZ of the A. T. S.

The system they have is really marvelous. They know just what to do with a girl after she has answered a few questions. They make radio operators and general clerks of the secretarial girls. Typists can be Morse-stop readers, teleprinter operators, or general office clerks. Shop assistants go into stores, and wives and domestic workers are listed for cooks and helpers. The day we were there they wanted motor drivers. We all could drive, and as we all wanted to stick together, in we went.

"We do our best to put you together," the chief commander told us. "We want you to be happy—you're in a great service, and I know you'll make it greater. This is not playing at soldiers—you *are* soldiers serving your King and country, and you're being allowed to do a lot of things that will be difficult and"—she laughed—"and a bit dirty perhaps, but everything you do will be helping the war effort. Good luck, girls." My mind saluted then, even if I didn't know how.

What a thrill we all had the first time we stepped out in our new uniforms all banging along in step, chins up, perms up, and going places on a new way! And didn't the army stare—that part of it that might have tried to mash us in peacetime.

They're the same fellows, of course, but the army has whipped them into shape, I suppose; and they're nicer, but we're "Three Must-Get-Theirs," which is how we say "Three Musketeers," with a single purpose—to help England make Hitler put a sock in it (shut his mouth) and do the right thing by our own bits of masculine heaven. We'll keep the heart fires burning unless something terrible happens. As Doris says, and Doris hasn't really got a steady beau, "These days a girl's just got to be loyal to one man." She thought that one out herself; mebbe she doesn't mean it, but it's a good sign. Doris is a kind of Ginger Rogers person with Simone Simon curves and the same appeal. She's a sweet little cat, sweet when she purrs. She sees to it that men make her purr, but she's a good sort. Her dad is a lawyer up in Lancashire. Doris wanted to be a



chartered accountant or something. She graduated at Birmingham, but nothing came of it. The only thing that she seems to remember about Birmingham is that Madeleine Carroll was at the same school.

Sometimes I'd like to be like Doris. She's so feminine. Her legs are the loveliest things I have ever seen. She worked in a beauty parlor. The fun we had trying out the new preparations! She used to make the flat smell like a harem when she got busy.

Leaving the apartment was a heart tug. Funny how you attach yourself to things. The shelfful of books! Fifty pairs of silk stockings, some of them I've been meaning to mend for a year! And a few clothes that wouldn't fetch ten bob at a second-hand shop. I wanted to cry.

"Never mind, darling," said Doris, and she began to hum We're In the Army Now. I flung a towel at her to shut her up.

"We'll soon get used to thick stockings and cotton panties with elastic bands and all that," she said. "But, whatever happens, I'm sticking to my Mae West—my figure's got to last me a long time after the war."

Kay checked the kit list the British army had kindly given us. "We get 'em dished out, sister. See? '*Brassière, service, white fabric, two.*'"

Doris was looking tearfully at a set of pink undies. "Nuts! Can you imagine a brassière *service, white fabric*, being anything but a headache?"

Kay said, "Do you good, kid; nothing like a change. I never thought I could take the high heels and rumba, but I did and I liked it. Anyhow, it says you can wear your pretties on leave. I haven't got any, so why should I worry?"

Kay certainly didn't bring much with her. All she had in her one suitcase was a make-up box, a Bible that her mother'd given her, a string of

Where Kay, Joy, and Doris joined up: The A. T. S. women's recruiting office in London's Chelsea.

pearls—from the boy friend, I suppose—and a copy of Mein Kampf that she'd read on the boat coming over. Then there was the bottle of whisky, a raccoon's tail, and a cougar's paw as mascots.

The first two weeks are the worst. They always are. In the papers they gave us to read at the recruiting office, it said that we were to be given physical training and drill to prepare for being on our feet for long hours at a time and to enable us to sleep anywhere without loss of time.

That's how Sergeant Brown came into our sweet young lives. I'll remember those first parades till I flop.

"Right knee up—*one*. Right knee down—two, and keep those stomachs in. At ease, every one. Gorblimy, what a job! Miss Smith, are you really so bored that you can't lift your leg more than six inches from the ground, or d'you think you'll get a ladder in your stocking? . . . And must you look like a sick cow? It ain't fair . . ."

Sergeant Buster Brown of the Royal Fusiliers was just sticking his ugly mug in my face and about to murmur a sweet nothing, as sweet as an acid drop, when there was a swish of khaki gabardine and the crunch-crunch of a pair of size eights, belonging to our company commander who's a Dame officially and a lady in private life.

"How are the recruits, sergeant?" she bassed. Sarge's whiskers brumped to attention just as if she'd been a real general instead of a general nuisance to his bit of fun—and to us all, incidentally.

"Magnificent, ma'am, magnificent." His green gooseberry eyes gave me a dirty look. "Fine specimens of English womanhood, ma'am, taking to the drill like ducks to water. I'll have them in shape in no time. . . . Company, attenshun for inspection."

Her ladyship walked down the line. Of course she had to pick on me!

"What's your name?" Accent on the "your."

"Smith, ma'am. Joy Smith."

"And how long have you been in the service?"

"Two weeks, ma'am."

"And what were you doing before, Smith?"

"A shorthand typist, ma'am."

"Ah, plenty of work for you, Smith!"

"Yes, ma'am!" And she passed on. Next stop at a skinny six-foot section of a lamppost with ingrowing curves and a country accent.

"Your name?"

"Grammercy—Lady Mercy."

"Splendid, Lady Mercy. I knew your uncle in Poona. I'm proud to have you serve under me," and under her denture she whispered, "Give your number to your section leader after parade."

We didn't see the Honorable lamppost any more. She's got a soft job handing tea round at the commandant's bun fights. Sarge was pleased, I think. He'd been dying to poke her in the breadbasket and hiss something; but he was scared of having to manhandle a real lady.

I'll never forget sarge's introductory speech as we came on parade for the first time.

"Now, ladies, I'm just a plain simple man," he began. "I'm a military man, and, as far as I'm concerned, you're just raw material; you're recruits. While you're on this parade ground, you'll try to do as you're told to the best of your ability and with good will. Good will is wot makes a soldier. If you don't succeed —well, try, try again. And I don't have to tell you ladies that there's to be no nose powdering, titivating, or giggling while on parade."

Sleeping in barracks was a problem at first. When you've been used to comparative privacy, the idea of hutting with about twenty others doesn't come easy. But you get used to it, even if some of them snore, some want to read all night, and others dream out loud.

I'll never forget the first morning I woke up an A. T. S. volunteer. Talk about September morn *en masse!* Some of them were doing set-up exercises with toe touching and leg wagging, others yawning like a chorus of foghorns, and the rest chattering like starlings. We tumbled out on parade a bleary-eyed lot of wenches with stout hearts and quivering midriffs. They paraded us across the barrack square from the boys. I think seeing them jump to their sergeant major's bark made us jump too. Drilling really was easy. Makes you ache a bit at first, but it trims you up for the day's work. Hands were a bit of trouble. When you are marching and swinging your arms your hands get hot and red and seem as heavy as lead.

Well, that's all a memory now. We are rookies no longer, but full-fledged volunteers. The drill has hardened us, and it was fun while it lasted.

I'd just got to sleep when there was an air-raid alarm. They keep us pretty busy these days. We all formed up and marched out, like a regiment on parade. This raid didn't last long and we were soon tucked in again and dreaming.

Kay and I went downtown in the morning and then came back in the afternoon for a snooze. We hadn't been there very long before Mrs. Thomas, the section leader, sent for us. We thought we were in for a dressing-down. "Smith and Cullum," she said, "I've been asked by the commandant to recommend some volunteers for special duty with the artillery. I thought that you might like to take it on. It means extra pay, but it's a dangerous job—I shouldn't say that to you really, but I feel some kind of responsibility toward you. From what I hear, last night you both had a rough journey. Like to take this on?"

Kay's eyes gave me the griffin. "We'll ask our girl friend, ma'am—if she'll come you can count on us." Doris had got herself attached to the headquarters staff driving officers around. She already had that diamond-ring look in her eyes. We saw her only at nights and on Sundays.

"One thing I'd better say," said Mrs. Thomas. "The girls I send on this job have got to be very special. You must remember you are representing our branch of the service in a kind of outpost. I don't have to tell you that a soldier's first duty is to obey. You've all got clean-conduct sheets, I hope."

"Yes, ma'am." Our heels clicked.

That night we went across to headquarters to see Doris. The orderly corporal squeaked at us: "You mean Miss Mills—well, she ain't 'arf bin an' gorn an' done it. Absent without leave, that's wot she is—desertion in the face of the enemy, and with a war-office car." He puffed himself like a pigeon in love. "She won't 'arf get it, I can tell you. They'll shoot her. That's wot they'll do." He leered. "An there's a second lieutenant mixed up in it too."

Kay and I walked back to the hut feeling terrible. "Looks as if Doris has kind of queered our plans," said Kay. "I suppose it's heart trouble."

"We could go without her," I suggested.

Kay shook her head. "Nope. I figure that wouldn't be what you English call cricket. We're going to find her and get her out of trouble. After all, I got her into this outfit and I feel kind of responsible."

Where can Doris be? How are Kay and Joy to find her and get her out of any such trouble as that corporal talked about? What's the "dangerous job" ahead of the three—and what's it like, if you are a War Girl, to stand by antiaircraft guns under the fire of diving Nazi planes? Let Joy tell you next week!

A MAN'S world! Is it, or isn't it? Some people say that we American women really rule the United States of America—make our men do what we want—run our houses as we want—lead our lives as we want—run away for vacations when we want—work when we want!

The assertions are so numerous and so positive that I sometimes wonder if it is true that I belong to a group that is really holding the reins of power in our country. I feel quite important and begin to puff myself up like the frog in the fable which you doubtless remember, and then some little thing makes me pause.

Why do I change the menu for dinner because Mr. " Smith " is coming? I never change the menu for Mrs. " Smith." Why do I have good plain chops or steak, baked potatoes and vegetables when my sons come to a meal? I never think about what food my daughter likes. Why do I give away a hat because some gentleman makes a derogatory remark about it? I never do if I am told by Mrs. " Jones " that she does not like my hat.

While I am afraid I shall have to admit that we women may be selfish, and we may do what we want in some things, and we may like our apparent independence, in the long run, I think, way down deep inside of us, there is one thing that cannot be eradicated —we like to please the gentlemen.

This is the basic reason why this is still a man's world. The men like to run the world and only very few women care whether they run it or not. What we women really care about is that our homes shall run smoothly, and our men be well cared for and happy. When we have any energy and ability left over after these two things are accomplished, we use it a number of ways, but somehow or other they always tie up with that basic quality that was planted in us by Mother Nature. We produce and protect the human race, and that fact does certain things to us. We will fight for a law which we can see affects the people we care about, but we leave the great field of lawmaking and its interpretation and administration very largely to the men.

People complain bitterly that the American home is being destroyed. It is perfectly true that many of the industries which kept women busy in the home have been removed from it. A visit to Mount Vernon, where Martha Washington ruled while her husband freed the United States from Great Britain, will soon show you that Martha Washington was needed every day to manage a number of

Painted for Liberty by Leon Gordon

By

MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

With remarkable, forthright candor, America's First Lady ponders why men still rule and the world's at war

industries, but she did this because it served the needs of her people. Without those industries, the happiness and comfort and safety of those she loved and who lived around her would have disappeared. She was preserving life and love.

Today many of those home industries are run by men in factories, and some of the women who used to work on these industries at home go out to work in the factories, but the reasons for doing so are just the same as they used to be. These women need what they make for the same reasons, namely, security in the home, health and happiness.

Religion, from which so many people derive the courage which keeps them strong in the face of disaster, and gives them strength enough to go on in a world which seems difficult to cope with—religion is left almost entirely to the direction of men. Few of the denominations allow women to lead the people in a spiritual way, because this is still a man's world and men must control the important factors in the lives of the human race.

And who can doubt that the moral laws were framed by men? They have been accepted, until very recently, without any question by women, and always, I think, they have been more liberal and the penalties have been lighter for transgression where the man is concerned than where the woman is concerned. In the very nature of things, men have wanted to set the women on a moral pedestal because it is so very useful to the men to have it that way. The women must hold the family together. The men can be forgiven because it is not really necessary for them to hold family life intact. The race and its preservation belong to the women; therefore put them on a pedestal and they will have to carry the burden.

Lately some rifts have come in this old theory; but, on the whole, man-made codes of morals and conventions, built up to preserve society, are all to the advantage of the men. Because woman's instinct to preserve the race is so strong, they recognize that many of these rules are fundamentally good, and again they let the gentlemen have their way.

Most governments, no matter what type or in what place, are in the hands of the men. I am generalizing, of course, because there are examples of women rulers in history, and we have known of some women who were preachers, legislators, and government officials. On the whole, however, government is in the hands of the men.

Through government, our relationships with each other are defined and carried out, not only in our own country but between nations. Sometimes it is said that if women got together and took a determined stand we could do away with war. They tell us we could stop having children, we could refuse to allow the production of armaments, etc., etc.

War is something, however, that has its roots far back. Nothing happens suddenly and without cause, and when war comes, it is too late to stop it. The children are born and there are always enough people to produce armaments.

War is something which has to be done away with by first changing the course of the relationships between individuals, building up an entirely new method of approach which shall be achieved first within groups and then perhaps later between nations.

The reason why women do not come together in an effort to do this is that they really have very little ability to control the factors which lead to war. They can be an influence, but that is as far as they can go for the present, because they prefer still to leave in the hands of the men and in the minds of the men the avenues which control economic situations, spiritual development, and education.

There are great women scientists, and there have been great women doctors, writers, poets, artists, and yet over and over again I have heard women say that a man doctor could inspire them with more confidence than a woman doctor, which is part of the old fundamental attitude of women toward men. They accept, with hardly an effort to combat it, the doctrine that most creative ability springs from a man's forehead!

A woman always feels that she must build up a man's confidence in himself as long as he is "her man." No sacrifice of herself is too great to prove her love for her menfolk, and she assumes quite naturally that he is the leader and controls the world.

A good example of this is the attitude taken when the depression hit us about "working wives." Suddenly their place was in the kitchen! Some said we would have no unemployment if all women stayed in the home, where they belonged. These statements were made quite without reference to the fact of whether there would be a home to stay in or a male to assume responsibility for support!

Many women realized that there was a basic fallacy in all the arguments and fought the dismissal of women from gainful occupations on the broad grounds of the need for their work and the right of all individuals who want to work to do so. They believed that work generates work and that women able and willing to work should not be barred or wasted.

It was never suggested, however, at any point that men without dependents or having an income to live on should be removed from the labor market. A fact which I felt proved the basic argument that work produces work and also that the movement was just a part of the old "the men rule the world" idea!

It isn't that women haven't the brains or the ability or the physical strength to dominate. It is that they want the world the way it is and for the most part are content. What will happen when they really want something different, I hesitate to say, because I have a firm belief in the ability and power of women to achieve the things they want to achieve. It is a man's world now, however, and will be just as long as the women want it to be!

THE END

What is the Matter with Women?

READING TIME ● 38 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

THE PAPER Crown

A distinguished novelette, complete in this issue . . The story of how a lonely Hollywood heart found love

THEY called Bruce Carlin the King Emperor. But it was in Hollywood, where practically all titles are phony, including most of those that are supposed to be real.

There was nothing real about Bruce Carlin's title. Carlin had never even been a star. He'd been featured in his twenties, when he'd played with Marguerite Clark and Clara Kimball Young and Elsie Ferguson. Now, at forty-six, he was still a featured player. But a grand featured player.

In his twenties he was a romantic lead. And stars came in with great flares of publicity and died down into darkness. And Bruce Carlin went very quietly from romantic leads to the suave gentleman who is the menace in the picture. Other stars shot across the public's vision with quick brilliancy — and disappeared. And Bruce Carlin went from menaces to playing older men's parts. A father, when the father's role was important enough. He was a judge or a doctor or a lawyer or any profession where a man must be sure of himself and well bred—and good for a big scene. He was his best as a leader of men. As a king emperor. There is a blare of trumpets, some small-part actor who has dreams of stardom shouts, "The King Emperor!" And there, properly accompanied and attired, is Bruce Carlin, looking quite like our best conception of a king emperor, at that.

In private life Bruce Carlin carried his right to royalty. He'd saved his money, for one thing. And that's most unusual in Hollywood. He liked night clubs only in moderation. He had gathered around him, during the years, an interesting and alive and fluid group. An English actor. A singer from Budapest. A dancer from South America. Actors and directors from the New York stage. The quieter of the Hollywood successes. A thousand people came to Hollywood, and in the course of picture-taking and party-going Carlin met most of them. And he sieved them through the needs of his—and their—personalities. You always met entertaining and vital and real people if you were asked to one of Carlin's small parties. But you had to be entertaining and vital and real to be invited.

Carlin lived on the top of one of the many Hollywood hills in, appropriately enough, a house that, externally, resembled a castle. There was everything but a moat and a drawbridge. There was the inevitable swimming pool on a terrace directly below the living room. You went down moss-covered stone steps to get to it, and it was lit at night so that the terrace lay in a shimmer of unreal blue-green, with black trees in the background, and the water seemed almost opalescent.

Inside the house there was less formality than you'd ever have expected—and better taste. He was forever having the place done over. He hated shabbiness, his friends were pretty hard on the furniture—and Hollywood is pretty hard on periods. So in fifteen years the castle's Tudor furnishings had given place to eighteenth-century English, which had made way for provincial French. It was modern now, with bleached wood and clear color—and it looked very well, once you got over the surprise of it. Carlin's own suite was all tan leather and beige and brown. And his guest suites ranged from a huge affair in delphinium blues to cubicles in dusty pink or yellow.

He had kept pretty clear of romance until Jessica Martin came to to the lot where he was making a picture. He would have met her anyway, but this way he saw her practically all the time. Jessica Martin was that year's sensation—the sensation of ten years ago.

Jessica's skin was a faint gold—and it started the fad for golden skins—as opposed to the pink-and-white beauty or the sunburned-to-a-crisp girl. Her hair was the color of fresh-pulled molasses candy, and it awoke in every man the memory of some little girl in a pinafore who had had just such molasses-colored hair. It is possible the girls men carried in the backs of their minds didn't have Jessica Martin's figure, but that was all in Jessica's favor. She was so slender that she seemed fragile—but her bones were small and strong. She was wand-in-the-wind, and yet her figure was voluptuous too, curving softly in all the required places. Her features were patrician, regular, arresting. No wonder that discovering her was no discovery at all. She hit you in the face at first glance.

Jessica was already a star when Carlin met her. She was being dressed by Howard Neeves, with make-up by Tillman Brown, and they already had succeeded in turning her

Bruce Carlin fell in love with Jessica immediately. That's what every one said.

into the sort of beauty that leaves you a little breathless. It didn't take much doing, at that. Just a smoothing of eyebrows, a toning down of rouge and lipstick. And the right clothes—sleek, seemingly casual gowns that clung to that young, lithe figure.

Carlin fell in love with Jessica immediately. That's what every one said. You saw them talking together, very earnestly, on one of the elaborate movie sets, usually where Jessica was working. You saw them in the Commissary, wearing the costumes in which they were being photographed, a glare of color against the brilliant California sun. Jessica's voice, usually a bit loud, was toned down when she talked to Bruce Carlin. No one ever knew what they talked about.

They made an odd twosome, even in California, where one gets pretty used to odd twosomes. There was Carlin, dependable, conservative—for an actor. Well read, for an actor. Fond of music. Fond of unusual people and well served dinners and talks afterward. And Sunday spent loafing at his castle. Considerate of people on the lot—that's one of the reasons he lasted so long. A good actor—another reason—who actually tried to find out how to interpret a role. He was a director's delight, a bit pompous sometimes, with an accent that grew clipped and English as the years passed, but always courteous, always a gentleman, with the gentleness that the word should imply.

And there was Jessica Martin—and she wasn't like that at all. She was a high wind at night on a mountain. She was a Christmas tree, sparkle and surprise in one. She was Egyptian lure—and Kansas City. She was a bit vulgar and much more hearty and earthy than you'd expect from her fragile beauty. And, in addition, she was a bad girl. She didn't mean to be bad. But she'd got her start that way—and she wasn't particularly concerned with morals—her own or other people's. She rode over conventions, over contracts, over loyalties. If she liked a married man, well, let his wife look out for herself. It wasn't Jessica's fault if she was beautiful—and he was ripe for the taking. A broken home—a broken promise—they were things to smile over. If men were weak—well, she didn't make the world. She got mixed up in half a dozen scandals—and the studio tried to hide them, because she was their property—popular and valuable.

And this was the girl with whom Bruce Carlin fell in love! You could

BY THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW

see him try to mold her, to teach her the value of things that meant so much to him. It looked like a thankless task. Still, her speech improved. She didn't make so many errors. She stopped saying "Between you and I." You felt that she saw that good English enhanced her own value. But she must have liked him. She let him buy her valuable presents—though Jessica let any man buy presents for her. But she gave him a lot of her time—and time was one of the most valuable things she had.

Bruce Carlin wanted to marry her. But Jessica didn't want marriage—not with Bruce Carlin, anyhow. Life was ripe fruit. She wanted to eat generously of it—and not be tied down to a leading man so much older than she was.

She came to all of his parties. You saw her, in one of her exotic frocks, stretched out on a chair on the terrace. Arguing with a foreign dramatist on some subject of which she knew absolutely nothing. And then you heard of other things she did—exploits that seeped through the careful screen the studio tried to build around the less pleasant of her activities. And you wondered what was going to happen.

It happened fast enough. Bruce Carlin went North on location. Movie companies are always going out on location as part of routine work. Carlin had the part of a lumber baron in a story of the North woods. Pretty dull; though, if there were good bridge players along, they'd make out, evenings. Carlin always took a box of books with him and there were always people he liked.

He telephoned Jessica nearly every day—as often as he could get to a telephone. Jessica wasn't at her best on the telephone. He couldn't see her, for one thing. And she was always vague. Carlin was so much in love with her that he was jealous of every one she saw when he wasn't around—and she curbed neither her activities nor the telling of them. And yet, when things did happen to Jessica, he didn't find out until he was back in Hollywood.

It was one of those sudden and unpleasant adventures that catch up, sometimes, with girls like Jessica Martin.

She was out driving with Victor Pohlson, so the story goes. And Victor had been drinking. Or a sudden California rain had made the roads slippery. Anyway, there was an accident. And Victor Pohlson was killed.

But even that, according to the studio, wasn't the worst of it. Because Pohlson was a director—and married. And married to an actress named Natalie Woodridge—who didn't have a very good temper. And to have your husband killed when he's out with another woman isn't apt to help your disposition.

So the studio got to work, as studios do, and found a little innocent carpenter named Dwight Higgins, who, up to that time, had been building properties in the studio—making white pine look like antique mahogany and lathe and plaster look like brick. He was clever at his work. Now some one nosed out the facts that Dwight Higgins was single, wanted to get ahead—and had expressed great admiration for Jessica Martin, to whom, ordinarily, he would never even have had a chance to talk.

Some one got hold of Higgins. The story that reached the public was that Jessica Martin and Dwight Higgins had been on their way to get married, with Victor Pohlson as their companion, when the accident happened. Higgins and Jessica were married immediately. By the time Bruce Carlin came back from the North woods Pohlson was buried and practically forgotten, and Jessica and Higgins had gone to housekeeping in a very homely and large house provided by the studio—and very good for photographic background for the newlyweds.

Bruce Carlin was pretty much broken up over it. But you saw he thought he could be "friend of the family" and that, when a decent time had elapsed, the two would get a divorce, and he'd be there, Old Dog Tray, waiting.

The only trouble was that Jessica, married, felt that she had given as much as necessary to the studio as a sop to convention. Marriage gives you freedom, doesn't it? Well, she'd got married to suit them. Now she'd take full advantage of her great sacrifice. She began drinking more than was good for her. She saw too much of the wrong people. Carlin's influence couldn't keep her out of the night clubs or get her to bed at a decent hour.

Higgins resented Carlin, as he resented every one. He became an unpleasant, snarling little fellow. Jessica got rid of him before long, but by that time the harm was done. She

She was sitting on the bed. Her luggage was all over the room. Drawers were open.

no longer listened to Carlin's advice at all.

Carlin still stayed near her. He gave her the most expensive presents he could afford—it was rubies that year. He still adored her.

He did his work. He was, first of all, an actor. But all of his spare time was spent with Jessica—as much as she'd let him spend with her. What he must have put up with! He watched her drink. He saw her surrounded with cheap and grasping parasites. He listened by the hour to vapid and worthless praise, saw Jessica's shallow roots being pulled up so that a few dozen useless hangers-on could have a free holiday. That ugly house was overrun with satellites. There was always a group of too-elegant young men drinking in the living room, a little patch of overdressed girls gossiping and putting on new make-up—and Jessica's expensive perfumes—in one of the bedrooms. There were people around her at home and at the studio. She spoke of them as "my friends" and accused Carlin of jealousy. "If you don't like my friends, it's funny you'd care to stick around," she told him. He stuck around.

She drank so much she became ill. Her popularity began to wane, but the studio felt it could build her up again if she'd listen to reason. So Jessica got a lay-off and a long lecture. She spent the lay-off drinking—and ignored the lecture.

Some of the parasites, seeing which way the wind was blowing, got out of the way. Because there were free drinks, some of them stayed on. What did they have to lose?

If you knew Hollywood you could have predicted one of the inevitable endings. Bruce Carlin obviously knew that catastrophe was in sight. He did what he could. He didn't know how to prevent it. No one could have known.

Jessica Martin died at the age of twenty-seven. From ptomaine poisoning. One of the most glamorous and beautiful girls who ever lived in the city of beautiful and glamorous women. Her fans wept at her death. The water bugs scurried away in search of a new victim.

Jessica died practically without funds, in spite of the huge salary she had made. His friends whispered that Bruce Carlin paid for the funeral.

Carlin hadn't concealed from any one how much he loved Jessica Martin. For a long time after her death he didn't seem to care for anything. He was in a sort of daze, as if he weren't sure just what was going on.

He came back. A little more reserved than before. Living a little more within himself. But he gathered around him the interesting and fluid group he had had before. Famous playwrights and well known directors, prominent and unknown refugees, actors and visitors to Hollywood came to dinner and stayed for long quiet conversation, went swimming in the terraced pool, lounged in the comfortable chairs in the big living room, drank long and cooling drinks at the new bright mirrored bar. And every one said he had a wonderful life. And they called him the King Emperor. And it was almost as if Jessica Martin had never lived at all.

BRUCE CARLIN wasn't feeling awfully well. Tired, after he'd worked all day at the studio. A pain in his side when he hadn't been exerting himself. He couldn't fall asleep when he got to bed—and he wasn't one to go to bed early. He'd lie there and think about things. About Jessica Martin. Always she was the bright flame lighting up his emotions. He had never known peace with her. There had been very little real happiness. But she had lifted him up—given him something he had never had before. And there had been, while she lived, the hope that some day they might be happy together. He had always dreamed that she would "come to herself" and be the gay companion he knew she could be. And now Jessica Martin was dead!

He wasn't old! Not unless you are holding on to a false and evanescent youth. But he felt old. Old—and he was still King Emperor!

He went to see his doctor finally, though he didn't like to visit a doctor unless he had something definitely wrong. Indigestion. A cold. Something like that.

The doctor asked questions. Thumped him. Looked grave.

"I'm not a good diagnostician," he said. "Never was. Meet me at the hospital tomorrow. They've got a whiz there."

Carlin wasn't even worried. This was Hollywood. They always make two fees grow where one would have done just as well.

The second doctor was younger, more alert, brisk.

He, too, asked questions, made an examination. He, too, looked grave.

(*Continued on page 5*)

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

Let There Be

SEVEN night baseball games in Brooklyn drew 177,000 paying customers. The same seven games played in the daytime wouldn't have drawn 37,000.

That, in a paragraph—and about $100,000 in gate receipts!—is the story of night baseball, the rapid spread of which through both major leagues was the outstanding development of the 1940 diamond season.

Men who run theaters have long realized man's natural tendency to seek his pleasure at eventide. Movie men know that, with rare exceptions, the biggest crowds turn out for the seven- and nine-o'clock shows. Radio sponsors fight to control the air from seven to eleven. Only professional baseballists have gone on year after year intruding on our working day—with the result that teams that drew 30,000 and 40,000 on Saturday and Sunday drew 3,000 and 4,000 on the average weekday afternoon.

Night ball has raised not only the quantity but the quality of the baseball audience. And the individual chiefly responsible is Leland Stanford "Laughing Larry" MacPhail.

Larry didn't invent night baseball. According to the New York Times, "as early as 1883 what was billed as baseball was played under lights at Fort Wayne, Indiana. By 1909 an enterprising promoter was ready to stage games, and did stage them, at Comiskey Park in Chicago. The first practical lighting system had its beginnings in 1923 when General Electric's engineers were asked to illuminate the company's new athletic field at Lynn, Massachusetts, for opening ceremonies. When they had put up a lighting system and were testing it out, neighborhood boys gathered and played ball under the lights.

"But it was seven years before the lights caught on in the leagues. The first organized league game under artificial light seems to have been played at Independence, Kansas, the last week in April, 1930. That game has been pretty well forgotten, however, and the initial nighttime game at Des Moines, Iowa, the following week usually gets the pioneer's credit."

No, Laughing Larry didn't invent night baseball. But, so far as major-league ball is concerned, he did put it across, and this achievement of his bids fair to revolutionize not only the national game but the whole field of national sports and entertainments.

The average baseball magnate means little or nothing to the average fan. Not so MacPhail. He has proved that baseball reputations can be made not only on the playing field but in the newspapers. On the dullest day he is good for a story. Naturally, he is as well known to fandom as a base on balls or a shoestring catch.

So far as is known, he has never touched either hand or ball to bat. Fat and fortyish, he looks like what he has always been, a salesman. But salesmanship as he practices it is far from a sedentary career. While still a very young man he was selling himself, or trying to, by such active publicity stunts as invading Holland to capture the Kaiser. His more recent stunts have been more successful and more realistic. To the public he presents a sizzling, explosive front, which is in part his true personality. In part, however, it is the cover for a showman's shrewdness which is not unlike Barnum's.

The most successful of Larry's earlier baseball coups became public when, in February, 1934, a tall, thin, slightly balding young man with a bewildered expression on his good-looking face showed up in New York's Waldorf-Astoria Hotel at the annual meeting of the owners of National League clubs. Closely questioned, he admitted that he had just bought the Cincinnati Reds. Whereupon a baseball scribe walked up to him with extended hand. "Mr. Crosley," he said, "my deepest sympathy!"

Powel Crosley, Jr., had no defense, except that he had been talked into it by Larry MacPhail, who, backed by the Crosley money, proceeded to "yank the Reds out of a decade of doldrums by painting the ball park orange, introducing girl ushers decked in what he called lounging pajamas, starting a Red farm system, and inaugurating night baseball." After he had performed this miracle—which included, by the way, the obtaining of most of the players who later made the Reds the National League champions—Larry was drafted by Brooklyn, a team which had also sunk into the baseball doldrums.

Immediately he was at his old tricks. "Last week 40,000 Brooklyn baseball fans crammed Ebbets Field and 20,000 were turned away," read the dispatches. "What they had come to see was Boss MacPhail's first big innovation—the first major-league baseball game played under floodlights in New York City. With his customary extravagance, Larry MacPhail had made the baseball game an incidental of the evening's entertainment. He had invited famed Olympic sprinter Jesse Owens to do his stuff before the game, had hired two fife-and-drum corps and a couple of brass bands. At 9.45 when the grandstand customers who had paid $1.10 (and the 3,000 bleacherites who had paid fifty-five cents) felt that they had just about received their money's worth, the umpire croaked 'Play ball.'"

These innovations drew no cheers from the major-league magnates. But Larry knew his baseball public. "Features before night games," he explained, "are absolute necessities. There is a forty-minute period during which it is too light for the arcs to be effective. The ideal fill-in, I think, is community singing. I tried it in Cincinnati and, believe it or not, they wanted to sing all night."

The real reason why the club owners objected to night ball was that it cost money to install and operate the new lighting plants. The fortune MacPhail had made for young Mr. Crosley in Cincinnati the baseball bigwigs dismissed as a freak; and it is possible that his success in Brooklyn would not have aroused them from their apathy if it hadn't been for his getting a break. That night in June, 1938, when Larry first shouted "Let there be lights!" in darkest Flatbush, Johnny Vander Meer, of his old Cincinnati club, pitched his second consecutive no-hit game, a feat unprecedented in baseball history—and Brooklyn, MacPhail, and night ball shared in the resultant publicity.

From that moment the new form of entertainment was not only a sure success in Brooklyn but its ultimate triumph throughout the major leagues was clearly foreshadowed. Most of the owners held out against it during 1938 and 1939, but in 1940 eleven of the sixteen clubs had put in lighting equipment and are playing more than 1,200 games of mazda ball.

Within forty-eight hours after his initial Brooklyn success, Larry MacPhail announced that he had hired Babe Ruth as Dodger coach for the balance of the year. Since 1938, by a succession of such publicity stunts, he has steadily taken the play away from Brooklyn's local National League rivals, the New York Giants, and even from the world's champions in the Bronx.

He "busted" the New York clubs' secret embargo on broadcasting games. He fought ticket speculators—always a popular if never a

"Forty thousand fans crammed Ebbets Field" for this night game: Dodgers vs. Phillies

Lights!

The surprising inside story of what games after dark have done to a national pastime

successful gesture. He dug up Jack Norworth out of comfortable obscurity and staged a "day" at Ebbets Field for the author of the game's theme song, Take Me Out to the Ball Game. He gave bonuses of fifty and one hundred dollars to players for especially meritorious performances. He grabbed columns of publicity by being the first magnate to fly his ball club from city to city.

Of course Larry's stunts would have been of little avail if he had not shown both showmanship and sound baseball sense in choosing and handling his players.

When he took over in Brooklyn, his manager was the former Brooklyn idol, Burleigh Grimes. Larry gave him his enthusiastic support, but soon realized that old Stubblebeard was getting nowhere fast. The club, as then constituted, consisted of mistakes and misfits. Most of the players weren't good enough, and those who were found themselves playing the wrong positions. Brooklyn, if it was to cash in on the publicity it was getting, must have new players and a new manager.

To get the former, Larry not only bought minor-league clubs to use as farms and development centers for young players but started on his famous trading campaign. To get the latter, he reached out and grabbed Leo Durocher of the St. Louis Cardinals.

As captain and star shortstop, Lippy Leo had had plenty of practice in translating into heads-up field play the fighting tactics of Manager Frankie Frisch. MacPhail could probably have landed either of those two; he chose Durocher because he was the younger man and would fill that hole at shortstop in the Dodger infield.

Besides being the Fancy Dan of shortstops, Leo is probably the most colorful player in baseball today. As a manager, he defies all baseball traditions and superstitions, especially the one about never breaking up a winning combination. By shifting their team around, Larry and Leo, the so-called Daffiness Boys, have managed to keep a group of "cast-offs and come-ons" continually in the fight for first place.

As you see, the MacPhail method does not depend for its successful operation wholly, or perhaps even primarily, on the introduction of night baseball. But it is for popularization of night baseball in the major leagues that he will probably be longest remembered. Already motion-picture theaters have felt the inroads of this new evening competition. On baseball nights people stay away from the movies in droves. What will be the ultimate effect on bingo palaces, amusement parks, seaside resorts, etc., remains to be seen.

One immediate effect on the game itself has been to lower markedly the average age of major-league ballplayers. Veterans not only dislike the night game because of its newness but frequently fall off in their play. The youngster from the minor league is now more than ever likely to get the call.

Will the eventual outcome be day-and-night, matinee-and-evening performances? Will we have continuous-performance baseball like the old vaudeville and the present movie? Or will we have evening baseball seven days a week, with matinees, as in the legitimate theater, two or three times a week?

It would take a man with the imagination of a Larry MacPhail to know the answers!

THE END

BY YANKEE STADE

Photo by Schuyler Crail

A lovely screen rebel who staged a one-star strike speaks her mind on the movies—and it's a mouthful!

BY ANN SHERIDAN

★

The real Ann Sheridan. Below, at right: As a Gay Nineties oomph girl in It All Came True.

UNFAIR TO *Oomph!*

READING TIME • 11 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

MAYBE you've heard of me. I'm the Oomph Girl. Perhaps I should say the *ex*-Oomph Girl—because I haven't been working at it lately. I've been a screen siren on strike. Or so I was told.

You've heard of Hollywood strikes, too? In the newspapers they're announced like this: George Raft Walks Off Paramount Lot—Bette Davis Sues Studio—Olivia de Havilland Defies Warner Brothers—James Cagney Wins Contract Release—or, possibly, Ann Sheridan Walks Out on Strawberry Blonde.

All this may puzzle you. Why should a lucky Hollywood star want to strike about anything? They don't always. The first I knew about my "strike" was when a telegram arrived saying, "This is to notify you that you are on suspension as of this date." I was at Catalina Island as of that date, on lay-off without pay, after making five pictures in nine months.

I got the telegram because, a few days before, I had refused a salary bonus. Was I crazy? How do movie stars get that way? Well, let me tell you about my operation.

There's a good reason behind every Hollywood star strike—and every reason is different. My *casus belli* began to sprout almost four years ago when Walter Winchell ran this line in his column: "Ann Sheridan should have more picture parts with *Umph!*" A clever press agent at Warners caught inspiration from that. Soon local bachelor sophisticates ate a dinner on Warner Brothers at the Los Angeles Town House and officially voted me the Oomph Girl.

That double-o paid off, in publicity, better than the one on a roulette wheel. Almost overnight Oomph became a national catchword. It snowballed along a mile a minute with me in the middle. Nobody was more surprised—unless it was my

own studio, which started the whole business.

And they weren't particularly pleased. For Hollywood studios don't always like one of the hired help to be the life of the public party. Why? Because popular stars become (1) independent stars, and (2) they usually want more money as well as a wee small voice in the fate of their new-found careers.

I suppose every one got pretty sick of reading about Ann Sheridan and oomph. They should have. Heaven knows it was no personal picnic for me. I had to move three times, dodging rubberneck buses and curious crowds. I took a lot of ribbing and suffered the usual barrage of crank notes, fantastic proposals, and pest problems.

Just the same, oomph was my big break—I wouldn't kid myself about that. And when a Hollywood actress gets a break I believe she's entitled to follow it through. The big ones come only once as a rule.

I begged for just one A picture. Critics clamored for a movie to match the wildfire oomph publicity. Fans sent floods of mail asking to see me in glamorous roles. Even theater exhibitors complained to the studio, "Why aren't you doing anything with Ann Sheridan?"

I've yet to learn the answer to that one. In my next three pictures I played (1) a convict's moll, (2) a convict's moll again, (3) a tropical tramp. I felt like picketing the place with a sign, "Unfair to Oomph!"

Could it all have been a coincidence? Maybe—but I'm not so sure. Too many others suffered the same relaxing treatment after a career spree.

Olivia de Havilland scored the greatest hit of her career in Gone with the Wind, on loan to David Selznick. When she came home again she was promptly ordered into a program picture. Olivia said "No" and kept repeating it for three more program parts in a row. But she had to strike to get the idea across.

After Bette Davis proved her greatness in Of Human Bondage at RKO, Warners brought her back and almost drove her into a breakdown with a string of quick pictures. Bette struck, sued in England, lost, and got called "a naughty girl who deserved a good spanking" by the judge. But I don't agree with His Honor. A star of her standing can be killed with treatment like that. But now Bette has discovered the best method is to pack off on a well timed trip to Butternut, her New Hampshire farm, and let the studio worry itself into compassion. Which Miss Bette did just before All This, and Heaven Too, by the way.

Most Hollywood star strikes are lost legally, of course. Jimmy Cagney is the only major star in recent years who sued in court for his release and won. Jimmy walked out twice at Warners—once for six months, and later for four. He won out only by a happy accident. Jimmy's contract specified that no other star should be billed above him. The manager of a Warner theater in Los Angeles made the mistake of putting Pat O'Brien's name ahead of Jimmy's on a marquee. Ten minutes later a photographer snapped it—and that snapshot broke Cagney's contract.

Few movie contracts have such handy escapes, however. Most star strait jackets are custom-made and tailored to last for many seasons—seven, to be exact. At handy intervals the studio can take your strait jacket away. They have the key. But try and wiggle loose yourself if they don't want you to!

Doubtless you've read about the lucky, girl who has just won a Hollywood studio contract. A million sweet young things all over the land sigh with envy. In most cases they could save their breath.

Maybe one in four hundred Hollywood contracts leads to movie success—and when that one does, it is immediately out of date. It is either ripped up and replaced by a wise and just studio—or there's a strike. The rarest thing in Hollywood is an original term contract worked out all the way. The average girl draws something like this and likes it—at the start:

She gets a three-month tryout—usually at fifty or seventy-five dollars a week. Then comes her first option. The studio can drop her at that point—but she can't drop the studio. And that's the way it is all the way through. The next stretch is for six months, and another six months. Yearly options follow. The remaining periods of dealer's choice arrive every two years—until the seven years are up.

At each option there's a bigger check. But if an actress survives without being guillotined, she's almost always worth far more than her contract calls for. Because Hollywood personalities are very much like the little girl with the curl: When they're good they're very, very good, and when they're bad they're horrid. If a screen actress is worth her salt, she is also worth some of the sugar she's bringing in at the box office.

I can speak from experience, because I'm a typical case of a Hollywood home-grown Galatea. I was just Clara Lou Sheridan from Denton, Texas, before the picture Pygmalions got me. When I signed up with Warners for seventy-five dollars a week, I thought I was the luckiest girl in town. In less than four years I perspired through a half dozen options and worked my salary up to $350 a week. That's what it was B. O.—Before Oomph. After the deluge it rose to $500—but at a price. I got my raise in return for two years added to my contract. When my "strike" started last October I was drawing $600. And that obviously isn't hay, as the saying goes. Which brings us to the question of movie-star salaries.

The other day I got a letter from an indignant girl who scoffed, "You spoiled movie stars and your strikes! Kicking about $600 a week. You should have to exhibit oomph on $16 a week!" I know how she feels. Because I've had to try it myself. And I'm afraid that girl would have been further annoyed to hear me talking to Warners' executive producer before my "walkout."

Because he was saying the studio wanted to hand me a little bonus. And I was saying, "No, thank you."

I'm sure the girl would have been speechless to hear me decline a bonus offer of $250. She wouldn't know about the substantial salary increase I'd been promised. But then, of course, there are a great many things

(*Continued on page 60*)

It became apparent that all four were better than average players.

the

For bridge fans . . A beguiling tale of a triumph at cards and a miracle in the sky

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

OBVIOUSLY Captain Delamar's proposition was unthinkable. The boy was plausible, as his father had been, but with Britain in a death struggle, it might prove fatal to waste even an hour on such a fantastic proposal.

General Inneston and Aubrey Delamar had been schoolmates and friends. The brilliant Delamar had quickly achieved a great reputation as inventor and expert on radiology and it was a profound shock to the world when the report of his suicide was heard.

Now his son, ace flyer of the Royal Air Force, had this weird story to relate to his father's old friend.

The elder Delamar, anticipating the coming upheaval, had worked day and night to perfect an invention that would forestall invasion by air. On the verge of success, inklings had penetrated enemy nations. To obtain his secret, they had tried cajolery, money, and threats, but without avail. The ultimate outcome was—murder! Delamar's death had been made to appear as suicide, to sidetrack a too thorough investigation by the authorities when no plans of his invention were found.

From these stolen plans the much publicized "secret weapon" would be made, to render futile any opposition by the enemy.

But the foreign emissaries had underestimated Delamar's perspicacity. The actual blueprints, plans, and models were with his son, who also had been his co-worker, and the stolen plans were clever fakes.

Young Delamar claimed to have perfected his father's invention and was ready to put it to work. His special model plane was equipped with a prototypal radial engine that would create havoc in the enemy ranks. He asked for permission to make a solo attack on the enemy flyers without aid of antiaircraft guns.

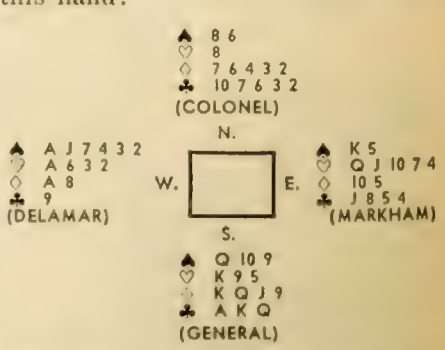
"All I want is one hour," he pleaded. "If I don't succeed, in bringing down at least half of their planes, you can count me out."

Captain Delamar and his associate, Lieutenant Markham, had been the general's guests for lunch at the Portland Club. General Inneston had listened attentively.

There were many reasons why he could not give the permission asked for unless substantial proof of the captain's claims were forthcoming. He was explaining this to the young men, when Colonel Witherspoon joined the party and asked jovially: "How about a rubber of bridge, general, to help your digestion?"

"Fine," said the general.

After a few deals, it became apparent that all four men were better than average players. Each side had won a game when the general dealt this hand:



His bid of one no trump was doubled by Delamar. The colonel

passed, and Markham, after a moment's thought, also passed.

Delamar led the four of spades, and as the colonel laid down his dummy, he remarked: "I thought that was an informatory double and that Markham was required to bid."

"Not required, colonel; merely requested," Markham answered. "When it appears that you may garner a sizable penalty, it is sound tactics to pass your partner's double."

"It depends on what you consider a sizable penalty," said the general, as he handed his cards across to his partner for inspection. "Not a bad hand, partner."

"Not half bad," said the colonel. "You have a good chance to make it—with a little luck."

But when the last trick was taken by the opponents, a major catastrophe had occurred. The general was set two thousand points, not having been able to win a single trick!

Markham won the first trick with the king and returned the queen of hearts. The general ducked, but covered the jack with his king, which went to Delamar's ace. The third heart lead was won by the ten, and the nine dropping, marked the missing small heart with his partner, so Markham now played his last spade. The jack won over the ten and the balance of the spades were run before the fourth heart was led. At this point the general had been forced to discard two diamonds and two perfectly good clubs. But when Markham played the fifth heart, the general's position was utterly hopeless. If he gave up the ace of clubs, it would allow the jack to win, and a diamond discard would set up two diamond tricks in Delamar's hand.

Of course the result would have been the same if the general had adopted the one alternative left him. At the lead of the jack of hearts, the play of the nine, instead of the king, would have kept the lead in Markham's hand. He would then have led his spade and the play would have been the same after the spades were made and the ace of hearts dropped the king.

By no method of defense could the general have salvaged a trick!

"It does not seem possible," lamented he, "that I could not win a trick with the excellent cards I held. Simply uncanny!"

"Unless," said Delamar thoughtfully, "it was an omen from high heaven to presage the destruction of our enemy's air fleets. Markham and I are equally devastating at card game or war game."

The general was half convinced as he asked: "May we see your plane?"

"Let's go," said Delamar.

It was a beauty; but built light and frail, with no protection for pilot or gunner, it seemed an unlikely war machine. In the stern was a strange apparatus encircled with a band of eight cylindrical projections. What energy, if any, emanated from this curious device was not apparent.

The plane was plentifully equipped with machine guns, that appeared standard, except that they were made of white metal.

"Looks as if she were built for speed," said the general.

"Over five hundred miles per hour, sir," answered Delamar. "Speed is one of the essentials for our success."

"You don't wish to explain anything further?" asked the general.

"Not now," said Delamar. "But after our first flight—everything."

"Very well," the general replied. "You may carry on tomorrow."

It was a clear morning as Delamar and Markham took off to engage the large fleet of warplanes that were on their way to attack London. Through his glasses, General Inneston followed the graceful plane, saddened at the thought that these courageous young men were assuredly going to their death.

Suddenly, at great height, the general could see the vanguard of the enemy appear. Eagerly, it seemed, the British plane shot up to meet them.

Then the flash of machine-gun fire and, in a few minutes, dozens of planes gyrated crazily and plummeted to the earth. Every moment the general expected to see the lone wolf come crashing, but, incredible to believe, it darted here and there, always attacking, always in the midst of the massed fighters. At last it dawned on the enemy that this lethal meteor was invulnerable, and they turned to flee.

Delamar was after them like a flash. There was no escape from the plane's terrific speed and the captain's superb aircraftsmanship. Almost 200 planes had been shot down before Delamar landed at his field. He and Markham were both unhurt and, miraculously, the plane was not even scratched.

"Gentlemen," said the general, as he shook hands with the captain and the lieutenant, "I suppose you have discovered an elixir that makes you immune to bullets, but what about your plane?"

"The explanation lies in my father's invention," said Delamar. "His experiments in radioactivity resulted in producing this apparatus. When the device is in operation, radiations are emitted that are effective for a distance of nearly a mile. These powerful rays will render a machine gun totally impotent, so that their bullets do not reach us. You will notice that our guns are made of an alloy in which uranium figures, so that we are not under the control of the radiations."

The unmarked plane proved the correctness of Delamar's statement. General Inneston was astounded.

"Unquestionably," he said, "you have devised a perfect defense for attack by air. How long will it take to build and equip another machine like yours?"

"There is one drawback, sir," said Delamar. "The action of the rays is very deleterious to the eyesight. Until we can correct this, it will be necessary to mark time."

The general noticed, for the first time, that the eyes of Delamar and Markham were red and inflamed.

"You don't mean," the general asked with alarm, "that your eyes will be seriously affected?"

"I'm afraid so," said Delamar. "But while we are able, Markham and I will carry on. How about it, old man?"

"You bet," Markham replied gaily.

THE END

Invincible Ace

BY THE FAMOUS BRIDGE MAESTRO

SIDNEY S. LENZ

READING TIME • 19 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

Conversations after death! The record of a thrilling adventure

BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Through Joan as "receiving station," from her unobstructed universe Betty (Mrs. White) reported during the blitzkrieg on Poland: "We are all working so hard on people who are coming over so suddenly now. They don't know what has happened to them." Death, she insists, is merely a continuation. There is only one universe. She and her fellow Invisibles "live in the universe you don't see, and also in the one you do." She explains, in terms of electrophysics: "The only difference, really, is a question of frequency; the higher the frequency, the less the obstruction"; the highest frequency mortals have "mechanically produced" is lower than the lowest in her universe. Consciousness is the one reality, time, space, and motion being the coexistents of it. Radio waves, etc., are giving mortals a changing time-and-space ratio; Invisibles have a ratio of their own.

She "read" the pattern made by the white of egg. That was her form of tea leaves, crystal ball, playing cards—her "signal."

PART THREE—PROPHECY, HERE AND BEYOND

"ONE of the great glimpses of the mad scientists," Betty told us, "is perpetual motion. That is one of the truths that man has glimpsed and attempted to accomplish, but failed. For motion is a coexistent of being. There is motion in everything that exists. Time and space are coexistents of the reality of being. I am; time is; space is. If there is being, there is time and space. And if you have the time-space combination you are by way of having motion.

"If your obstructed universe commonly measures the distance between two points (space) by so many hours (time), what makes that measure possible?"

"Motion," we agreed.

"But not what you call the *rate* of motion," warned Betty. "That is something else again. That is the specific measure, what you can count. But it is just motion that makes the count possible—motion, the last and the first of the three inseparables.

"The entire universe is in perpetual motion. To use your own terms, the rapidity of molecular frequency is one thing; the rapidity of light frequency is another; the rapidity of that frequency that manifests itself as life, as you know it, is another. My body that I have here is very close to pure frequency. It has frequency, true; but it is in orthos."

"The division into time, space, motion, I gather, is only for our understanding. Actually they are only aspects—there is no sharp division between them?" surmised Darby.

"Not in the orthic," agreed Betty.

"The difference between the radio wave you employ," she said later, "and the frequency we employ in parallel to it is that ours goes in a straight line. If you threw a ball, and there were no obstruction by *anything*—gravitation, air, resistance, anything—it would go in a straight line. But the frequency of the thrown ball in motion is not high enough to escape these obstructions. So it falls to the ground. Radio, infinitely higher than the ball in

frequency, is still not high enough to escape obstruction: therefore it is curved. And your present mechanisms can register it.

"Take the vibration of sound. You can measure on a machine[1] the up and down movement of the air. But, again, air is an obstruction. Your body frequency is so low that you bump against a tree; but the radio frequency is high enough to go through the tree. The higher the frequency, the less the obstruction.

"We have communication with each other here. We have a parallel of sound. You can't hear us, and the reason is because our sound frequency is *above your* obstruction and hence your recording."

"Man is the highest form of consciousness manifested in your universe," she began on another occasion. "He has the creative impulse, just as consciousness has the impulse to born things for the purpose of evolution. He makes things—whether a thought, or a cathedral, or a method, such as the way to use a radio wave—and he puts them into time. They stay in the obstructed universe, and other entities of consciousness use them and profit. Then man comes over here. The whole aspect of those things changes when he is here. They are no longer obstructions to him, though he did create that obstruction.

"You have a saying that 'thoughts are things.' They are, in this way: they are received in time, and so are indestructible. You are having a bad dose of that in the world right now—retarding thought—and it's pretty much indestructible, and you've got to overcome it. If you ever think a thought or say a word, it is in time, and you cannot take it out.

"Take history. The facts and conditions resulting from 'wars and rumors of wars'—any happening—remain in time, though the acts as incidents have vanished from space. You, in your present, are conditioning the future. All that you think and do is received and remains in time, though your physical bodies and acts vanish from space. Research, invention, material catastrophes like earthquakes, uncontrollable by your free will, or the beneficence of a season producing big harvests—all are received in space as incidents that pass. It is in time that they remain—to condition and influence your present and the present of all coming generations.

"*Receptivity is the essence of time.*"

I WISH," she said some time later, "that you could talk this out with some one of the bright youngsters at any of the electric-research laboratories. It would mean something to him when I said that radio beams, waves, electricity, light are degree manifestations of only one reality, and that the highest manifestation of that reality of which you are actually aware is consciousness.

"As to matter in the *unobstructed* universe, it is a question of frequency. Matter—and by matter in your world I mean obstructions—in the obstructed universe is also a question of frequency. This is all very difficult even for me to understand. Individuals here who in the obstructed universe made a special study of physics tell me that your matter, like our matter, is a question of frequency."

"Then you have 'matter'—or at least what corresponds to matter?" I asked.

Decidedly, Betty assured us; but added that she was, in the present discussion, more or less restricting the term to physical matter.

"Our matter is the essence of form, which is an accompanying attribute of consciousness individualized. Just as I am now the essence of my previous individuality. Our matter is not an obstruction to us."

We enjoyed considerable idle-curiosity give and take from time to time. "Do you play games over there?" I asked half jokingly. "Or is your work so much like play that you don't need games?"

"Of course we play games! We're human!" said Betty.

"What kind of games?" I was skeptical. "Trying to see who can hurl the best frequency?"

Betty refused to joke. She considered.

"Well, not unlike your games—in principle. We tackle something just a little too big for us."

There were certain things having to do with fundamentals of Betty's present state of being that we desired mightily to explore further. How does she handle her time and space, for instance?

"The trouble is that you are *measuring* time," said Betty. "You get up in the morning. You have a sidereal day before you. Twelve hours have to be filled—a duration. I can live here, hour by hour, with you. Or if I want to leave you and go home and come back to the sidereal time I left, I can do that. You can't. You have only psychological control of time, that's all."

The matter of predestination, free will, prophecy came very much into the front of our minds. I had been visiting friends down on Long Island who had taken me to a local psychic called "the Egg Woman." Betty had insisted that I make the arrange-

The Unobstructed Universe

A 1941 DOCUMENT ABOUT LIFE BEYOND THE GRAVE

[1] She is referring to the cathode-ray projection on a screen of sound as a line of light. S. E. W.

ments required to interview this psychic. The wife of a farmer, she proved to be what is usually called a "fortuneteller."

We found her a personable Welsh woman, very self-possessed, quiet, and sincere in manner, with extraordinary dark eyes. She took us each singly, in turn, into her dining room. There she presented me with a glass half full of water, a raw egg, and a spoon. Under instruction, I broke the white of the egg into the water and stirred it with the spoon. She looked into the glass and "read" the pattern made by the white of egg. That was her form of tea leaves, crystal ball, playing cards. It was her "signal."

She was remarkable, for she had never seen any of us before and had no slightest idea of our identity. Her statements were very definite: they required no interpretations. But the most interesting phase, as it turned out, was the accuracy of her predictions.

I TOLD you that we looked over all time like a map," said Betty, the first evening I was back with Darby and Joan. "The contours of the map we see. For instance, one of the contours of the future is evolution, a growth toward perfection.

"Your will is free, and you can choose according to your quality. My will is free, and I can choose according to my quality.

"The truth in the glimpse of predestination is the fact that the individual *quality* of one born to earth is fixed, and that it must return back to its own quality when it comes here. That much is law, and if you wish to call that predestination, you can."

Darby expressed the thought that was troubling us both. "If you can see that a thing is going to happen, what can you do about it?"

"Cause and effect," said Betty, "is one of the laws of time, just as it is one of the laws of motion. There are those here now who could tell you things that are going to happen. They have proved it. It is done in time's essence, receptivity.

"Take your own experience. You get up in the morning. Your *intent* is to go to the office. You foresee your arrival at the office. It's perfectly true there are things that could deflect that intent. Predestination is, with you, only a glimpse. It is much more than a glimpse with us, though it is not a complete reality."

"You can see this room as it is. Can you see it as it will be two weeks from now?" propounded Darby.

"Yes, conditioned by certain wills."

"Whose wills?"

"Yours, first, because this room happens to belong to you."

"At some unpredictable hour something is going to change this room. Have you the ability to see that change?" asked Darby.

She claimed she had.

"Does that extra ability of yours have to do with a property of time of which you are cognizant and I am not?"

"Yes," Betty assured him. "You foresee your future, for the most part, by the event. You condition your future on the present event. We look forward into time in both ways. We are cognizant of the *event*, but we immediately relate it up to the *intent*. Some of you, too, do that—a little," she conceded. "Some people have that broader sense of the meaning of events, as it were; the broader evaluation of the event."

"I think we need some illustrations," said Darby. "How is this? Here is a river. That is the intent of time. Here is a log floating in the river, an event. You know there's a log jam down the river. The intent of the river will remain. You know that this log, both of itself and as implicated with the other logs of the jam, is not going to alter the intent of the river, and that ultimately the jam will break and the event log will be absorbed in the intent of the river. So that if we were to ask Betty *when* the jam is going to break, she might make an inaccurate prediction. But if we ask her *if* it is going to break, she will prophesy truly, for she knows the intent."

"That's good," Betty approved. "The only intent that really *governs* is evolution. It is the primary characteristic of receptivity, of time. The difference between us and you is that with us events are more closely identical with intent. We can see into the future as far as intent goes.

"Now, the Egg Woman is what you might call a nearsighted prophet. That is, while she does see partly the short-range intent, it is mostly cause and effect she sees. She does not predict far ahead accurately. But her close-range stuff is so good because there the causes and effects are pretty well laid out, with only small chance of outside modifying or interfering event happening in so short a time. Besides, cause and effect gain more solidity, immunity, against outside interference as they approach culmination. A good deal as a stream gains acceleration and strength as it nears the edge of the waterfall."

JOAN," Betty confided to us, "has for the past three weeks been going to the same school I have been going to."

"I've been here lots of times, but it's only since Betty came to stay that I've been able to be part of the pattern," was Joan's first comment. "I have to learn to do what Betty did. If I can do it, with her to explain, I can tell you how it's done.

"This wandering around over here with Betty is so confusing," she complained, "because it isn't any *different*. Now, if it were only a kind of down-under-the-water place! But it's no *different*. I just have more power over here than I have back with you.

"There are a lot of funny things. I'm watching people. I'm not like them yet, because I have to go back. I can only stand on the side lines and observe. I can go anywhere I want to go. There are no obstructions.

"It is hard to make you understand the difference. The only difference I can see is freedom, liberty, and reality in the things we fight for on earth.

"One of the things that interest me most is the beautiful bodies the people here inhabit. If any one likes light and color—the bodies of these people shine with light and color. I recognize them by their light and color, because the intensity of their color and of their light shows their frequency. You can almost *tell* their degrees that way. Certainly you feel the radiance of their individuality. They are *very* beautiful.

"I'd like to tell you how I see Betty; how she is with me here. She looks just as she looked in her garden, except that she shines, and there is a soft rosy glow from her, and it is warm and sweet, and very, *very* comforting to feel. It is friendly and kind, and there is great strength in it. Her color is a beautiful new color I have never seen anywhere else. I cannot describe it, for it is out beyond the color frequencies we have words for. But it is made up of gold and rich deep rose and a sort of heavenly blue, and it pulsates around her.

"That old saying, 'the music of the spheres,' is true, too; and it's the voices of the people around me; and Betty's voice is a dear, singing, laughing voice. Every one here who knows her adores her; and she is accumulating to herself a great deal of power and graciousness and strength because of the work she is doing.

"Why," cried Joan, "it seems that we, you, all of us who have close ties here, can do a great deal to help them, just as they help us! Betty says I help her, and you help her, oh, so much! She says you are doing the earth half of her work."

OF course Betty had already told us, incidentally, a good deal concerning her state of being. So I then wrote out a little epitome, addressed to her, of what, up to date, we thought we had been told, and the conclusions we had drawn from it. Here is the epitome:

"In your body you have, through its perceptions, the same relationships with your world as we have with ours.

"But your body is not multicellular, not composed of numerous entities; it is integral, and expresses only your individual entity.

"You are able to see and touch our world. You experience the same reactions, subjectively, as you would through your physical senses. However, you add something to what you have perceived in the flesh; you 'see also beyond it.'

"You understand us when we speak aloud to you. I gather that an unspoken message consciously addressed to you is likewise heard. I

understand that you do not read thoughts not addressed you, but also you could do so if necessary or desirable.

"The 'density' so much talked about as being between your world and our world is a density affecting our receiving function. Its penetration by you is a job. But the idea that it is dulling to you, that it hampers you as a drug might, is incorrect." . . .

The basic difference between her world and ours was, apparently, one of obstruction.

"Well, now," said Darby, "the desk there is no obstruction to you. I suppose you can walk through the desk. You must, then, be of matter so attenuated that you leave on the desk's substance no trace. I was wondering—"

"You can send an electric shock through the desk, or an X-ray, and leave no mark," Betty interrupted.

"Do you actually see the desk, just as we see it who are here in this room in our physical bodies?" we nagged.

"I come into this room," she said. "I am living in the entire universe. However, I see the desk. If Joan went to the desk, it would be an obstruction to her. To me it is not."

WHAT is your idea of where I am now, anyway?" Betty challenged a visitor on one of the rare occasions when we had added to our number.

"Why," stammered the visitor, "I just think of you as suspended, somehow, in space."

"I am right here." She was most emphatic. "There is only one universe. There is no other 'heaven.' It is only that you can't see me. Your eyes are not attuned to the color, your ears to the sound. I am in an unobstructed phase of the one and only universe, that is all. It is only that my I-Am is separated from the obstruction that was my body. My world is your world *plus*.

"You know from science that there are a lot of things in this room you can't see. An ordinary camera would see some of them. My awareness mechanism is higher tuned than yours. That is part of my being in the unobstructed universe.

"Here is this world as you know it. You walk on the earth: it supports you. I walk on your earth, and yet I do not need it to support me. Your earth is there because it is a nexus of certain frequencies. It exists for both of us. You cannot walk on your water. I can. But that is because the relationship of my frequency to the frequency that is water is different from yours. My universe and my degree of consciousness is yours, only the aspect is different." . . .

"Is sleep a stepping up of frequency?" asked Darby one evening. "If in sleep we are more sensitive to the influence of the unobstructed universe, is that because sleep raises our frequency? Or *are* we more sensitive then?"

EMBLEMS OF EXCELLENCE

KENTUCKY DERBY TROPHY. Since 1875, when the first Kentucky Derby was run at historic Churchill Downs at Louisville, Kentucky, the Derby has been a classic of American turfdom. The golden cup (right) which this year will be given to the owner of the winning horse is perhaps the most coveted trophy in the realm of sports—emblematic of a supreme achievement in horse-racing. All over the world a Kentucky Derby winner is recognized as being a king among thoroughbreds.

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"No," replied Betty. "Your frequency is not raised, but your receptivity is, because the contact between the frequency of your material body and of your spiritual self is lessened during sleep. That is, your physical body is maintaining itself without your conscious aid.

"You have rest," she continued; "so do we. You have psychological rest, and also the rest of the physcial body which is dissociated from the I-Am."

"We are unconscious while taking that sort of rest: we sleep," said I. "Are you?"

"Our awareness mechanism is never dissociated from our form. My form attribute is so much a part of me that it came along with me when I died. You could cut off a leg or arm from the form attribute I left behind, and I could still have inhabited it. But because my form here is integral, there could be no similar division of it."

"What is your form of rest, if you are not unconscious?" I asked.

"I withdraw into my inner consciousness *and stop radiation.* It's a sort of limited static; a little space of static in frequency. You have it in sleep."

And finally this matter of communication with one another, we ventured. There is, said we, a strong suggestion that you do so mentally, by a kind of telepathy.

"No, no," protested Betty. "We have a voice. Your voice—in ordinary physics—is nothing but an impingement on your atmosphere that sets up vibrations—frequencies—that produce what you call sound. We have exactly the same thing in a higher frequency. So high that, like the last vibrations on the tuning fork, you do not hear us speak. That is the only reason in the world I can't talk to you direct."

"Do you use lower frequencies for communication with each other there, as we use lower frequencies here: air, pencil, or what have you?" I asked. "Or do you tune in to each other's frequency, or to a common communication band, so to speak?"

"The latter," she replied. "Your obstacles are not obstacles to me.

"Instead of our having to create clothing mechanically, for instance, we do so by a diversion of frequency. We can create directly by an impingement of our frequency on a lower degree of frequency. We use degrees. Color is a manifestation of a certain degree of frequency. I want it in my clothes. I don't make the color. I impinge on that particular frequency, and call it to my frequency.

"Are you taught how to do this?" I wanted to know.

"Yes, we have to be taught. I can't tell you that I hit a key or touch a string to do it. It's a selective impulse. I start an impulse with a psychological selectivity.

"I don't think I can take you any farther into my mode of life," she doubted. "You have come so far in already that to particularize is only confusing, now, to us both."

"What antiques are there over there for them to collect?" jeered Darby.

"Outmoded empirical knowledge," retorted Betty.

"Well, you must miss something over there," continued Darby, who is a glutton for punishment. "What is it? The days of the week? Three meals a day?"

"No." Betty turned serious. "The only thing I miss is the use of the five senses in the obstructed universe for the expression of my love for people who are still there; and of course if I had that I wouldn't be here. I miss their not recognizing me, not hearing my voice, not feeling and seeing me when I'm there. And of course I *am* there. I miss your response. And that is all."

This installment of The Unobstructed Universe is an excerpt from the book of the same name published by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., and copyrighted by Stewart Edward White.

Betty's universe being unobstructed, does she say through Joan that she has visited other planets? That there is life on them? Why isn't she afraid that her "divulgence" may cause us mortals to lose heart for our "obstructed" life and effort on earth? How much reality does Betty say there is in theologians' conceptions of hell? And are her pet dogs now with her in her universe? Read Mr. White in Liberty next week.

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Here, for the first time, Liberty presents a CBS Amos 'n' Andy radio broadcast exactly as it went on the air, written and acted by Charles Correll and Freeman Gosden, whose comedy has been a favorite for eleven years of network broadcasting.

The time is a spring morning and the place is the lodge office where Kingfish, a stalwart pillar of Harlem society, broods over finances. Kingfish shares his gloom with a man whose dash and speed, like molasses, has earned him the title of Lightning.

LIGHTNING yawns and says: Well, de fashion show was a financh success?

KINGFISH: Oh, yeh, it was great all right. Made close to a hundred dollars fo' de lodge, an' we is done paid our rent wid dat, an' light bill an' phone bill—all de utiliries.

LIGHTNING: Yessah — dat's good.

KINGFISH: Den it was voted last night to send some money oveh to de Harlem Boys Club, oveh on 134th Street, on account o' de openin' today.

LIGHTNING: Yessah—dat's a big thing oveh dere fo' de chillun.

KINGFISH: Where's Amos 'n' Andy?

LIGHTNING: I seed Mr. Amos's taxicab, an' I was oveh talkin' to Mr. Andy dis mornin'—he was goin' home an' go to bed. He didn't feel good.

KINGFISH: Too bad. Now, Lightnin', de reason I ast yo' to come by heah, I want yo' to pay some o' yo' dues dat yo' is back in. De record show dat yo' ain't paid but thirty-five cents in de last two years, an' dat's a disregrace to de lodge dat's puttectin' yo' like it is.

LIGHTNING: Yessah—well, I is behind wid ev'ything—my coffin money's even back now. Insurance man come oveh dis mornin' lookin' fo' ten cents—I had to duck de man —I think dat's done lapsed on me.

KINGFISH: Well, now, wait a minute heah, though—don't fo'git dat dis lodge is givin' yo' puttection.

LIGHTNING: Well, I just ain't got it. If yo' would lend me some money, I would pay the lodge.

KINGFISH: Whut yo' mean, *me* lend yo' some money? I is flat as a pancake. I got about fifteen cents, an' I gotta git a dollar by tonight somewhere. We goin' have comp'ny fo' supper—de butcher done tighten up on me—I gotta git a couple o' po'k chops in dat house some way. Yo' can't ast de people comin' to supper to eat gravy *all* de time.

LIGHTNING: Yessah.

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KINGFISH: Money is bad wid me. Just talked to my wife—she's puttin' de pressure on *me.*

LIGHTNING: Yessah—it sho is a mess all right. I wonder where all de money is now?

KINGFISH: I seed a banker de other day—he had a funny look on his face.

LIGHTNING: It done gone somewhere.

KINGFISH: Well, now, look heah, Lightnin'. Yo' can't be a member o' dis lodge an' act like yo' is actin' 'bout de money.

LIGHTNING: Yessah.

KINGFISH: Can't yo' go to some friend?

LIGHTNING: I ain't got no money friends—all my friends is sympathy friends—dey listens an' feels sorry fo' me, but den dey's gone.

(Sound: Telephone rings.)

KINGFISH: Wait a minute. If dis is my wife, I gonna tell her dere's a chance.

LIGHTNING: Don' tell her it's wid me.

KINGFISH *(phone)*: Hello.

ANDY *(filter, sick)*: Hello—Kingfish?

KINGFISH: Who dis?

ANDY: Dis is Andy—I bad off.

KINGFISH: Well, whut's de matter?

ANDY: Oh, I's sick—I's sick all oveh. I need a doctor.

KINGFISH: Where is yo'—home?

ANDY: Yeah. I need a doctor—I kin pay him—I got enough money to pay him.

KINGFISH: Yo' is, huh?

ANDY: Who is a doctor, Kingfish—who is de best one fo' me to git? I'll pay him cash.

KINGFISH: Hold de phone.

LIGHTNING: Whut's de matter?

KINGFISH: Lightnin', did yo' know dat I studied medicine at one time? Did yo' know dat I been keepin' up my study? An' did yo' know dat some day I knowed it would come in handy? Study don't never hurt nobody. Look in de closet dere an' see if yo' see a doctor's case in dere.

LIGHTNING *(fading)*: In dis closet?

KINGFISH: Yeh.

ANDY *(through metallic filter)*: Kingfish, where is yo'? Where is yo'? Oh me!

KINGFISH *(to Lightning)*: Yo' see it, Lightnin'?

LIGHTNING *(distance)*: Yessah—it got spider webs on it an' a lot o' dust an' dirt.

KINGFISH: Dust it off an' bring it out—wipe it off good—we gotta be sanitary, yo' know. *(Phone:)* Hello—

ANDY *(normal telephone filter)*: Hello—where yo' been?

KINGFISH: Brother Andy, yo' is called de right man. I is cured more brothers wid whut yo' got dan any other doctor in de country.

ANDY: Well, whut mus' I do 'bout a doctor?

KINGFISH: Andy, I tell yo' whut—I done *re*tired from de medical puffession, but as close as yo' is to me, I can't see yo' sufferin' like yo' is—I is goin' back *in* it, an' I gonna rush to yo' side now.

ANDY: Well, come oveh heah quick an' do whut yo' kin.

KINGFISH: Comin' right oveh, Andy—Dr. George Stevens'll be dere in a minute.

ANDY: Hurry, will yo'? I kin hardly hold my haid up.

KINGFISH: Leave yo' room door unlocked, put a chair by yo' bed, git a pitcher o' water, an' unlace yo' shoes. I is comin'.

ANDY: All right. Good-by.

KINGFISH: Good-by, Andy.

LIGHTNING: Whut's de matter wid him?

KINGFISH: Sick as a mule.

LIGHTNING: I can't open dis thing. Is yo' got a chisel?

KINGFISH: Wait a minute—lemme see de thing heah, Lightnin'.

LIGHTNING: Yessah. Maybe yo' kin take dat letter opener dere an' jimmy de thing open.

KINGFISH: No, no, de thing is just rusty. Lemme see it. Dere 'tis—now it's open. Let's see whut's in heah.

LIGHTNING: Yessah.

KINGFISH *(to himself)*: Pills, pills, pills.

LIGHTNING: Where yo' git dis?

KINGFISH: I let another doctor have five dollars once, an' he left dis heah fo' me to hold.

LIGHTNING: Dat's whut yo' call holdin' de bag, ain't it?

KINGFISH: Now, dis thing heah yo' put in yo' ears an' yo' listen. I know dis—dis is a stethascope. Dere's de thermomeler. Now, dere's a thing dere—see dis thing heah?—yo' wrap dis round a man's arm an' yo' pump it up an' yo' watch dat speedometer—dat's de blood pressûre. Come on, let's go. Wait a minute. I gotta look at his throat. You go wid me as my 'sistant. On de way over we'll stop an' git one o' dem ice-cream things on a stick, an' den I kin use de stick to hold down his tongue when he says "ah."

LIGHTNING: Yessah. Come on, I's wid yo'. I hope he's feelin' better.

(Pause.)

ANDY: Do sumpin' fo' me, Kingfish.

KINGFISH: All right, Andy. Lightnin', where is de ah-stick?

LIGHTNING: By de way, Kingfish, dis is a lucky stick—yo' kin git one ice cream fo' nuthin' wid it.

KINGFISH: Yeah, wait a minute. I got a pencil in my pocket. Open yo' mouth, Andy.

ANDY: O-o-oh.

KINGFISH: I'll hold your tongue down wid dis pencil. Don't worry; I won't stick de rubber in yo' mouth; I'll put de other end in.

ANDY: Ahh-h-h. Ah-h-h-h.

KINGFISH: Lemme see yo' tonsils. Umphum—yeah. Yeah.

LIGHTNING: Kin yo' see all right?

KINGFISH: Strike a match, Lightnin'—'bout three inches under his nose.

ANDY: Wait a minute! Yo' is pokin' me in de back o' de mouth wid dat pencil.

KINGFISH: Light de match.

LIGHTNING: Yessah. *(Strikes match.)*

KINGFISH: Open yo' mouth, Andy.

ANDY *(opens mouth)*.: Ah-h-h-h.

KINGFISH: Uh-huh . . . purple spots on de back o' yo' throat.

LIGHTNING: Dat's a indelible pencil yo' got dere.

KINGFISH: Yeh, dat's right. Take it easy now, Andy. Lemme put de things in my ears an' listen to yo' stomach. See, Brother Andy, dis is a stethascope.

LIGHTNING: Don't yo' want to take his clothes off?

KINGFISH: Dis thing listens through anything.

ANDY: Oh me! He'p me.

LIGHTNING: Whut hurts yo', Mr. Andy?

ANDY: Ev'ything—my haid, my stomach. I got Charley hosses all oveh me.

KINGFISH: Wait a minute heah—yo' got a knock in yo' 'pendix. Boy, it's really goin' to town.

ANDY: Yo' is pressin' dat thing on my watch.

KINGFISH: Yeh.

LIGHTNING: Whut yo' think it is he got?

KINGFISH: Look heah, Andy—how much money yo' got?

ANDY: Ten dollahs—in de mattress.

KINGFISH: De thing fo' yo' to do is to take a series o' treatments.

ANDY: When will I git well if I take 'em?

KINGFISH: Well, now, let's see. *(Mumbling to himself:)* Today's Tuesday—you got ten dollars—two dollars a treatment. Sat'day yo'll be well.

ANDY: Well, do sumpin' fo' me now, won't yo'? Oh me!

KINGFISH: Wait a minute now. I gonna send out an' git some pills fo' yo'.

LIGHTNING: I'll go, if yo' want me to.

KINGFISH: Wait a minute. Suck on dis glass tube heah an' we'll see how high de red thing goes.

LIGHTNING: Yo' is supposed to shake dem things first.

KINGFISH: Oh, yeah—I heard of dat befoh—Shake well befoh usin'. Lightnin', how long is yo' supposed to keep dese things in de mouth?

LIGHTNING: I don't know. I guess about ten seconds.

KINGFISH: Well, we'll keep it in fifteen, to be on de safe side. Heah, wash it off in dat bowl of hot water first. I wants dis thing to be clean. . . . O. K. Andy, put dis thing in yo' mouth.

ANDY *(groans)*: Ooooh me! Don' gimme too much of dis stuff now.

LIGHTNING: Boy, he sho lookin' bad, ain' he?

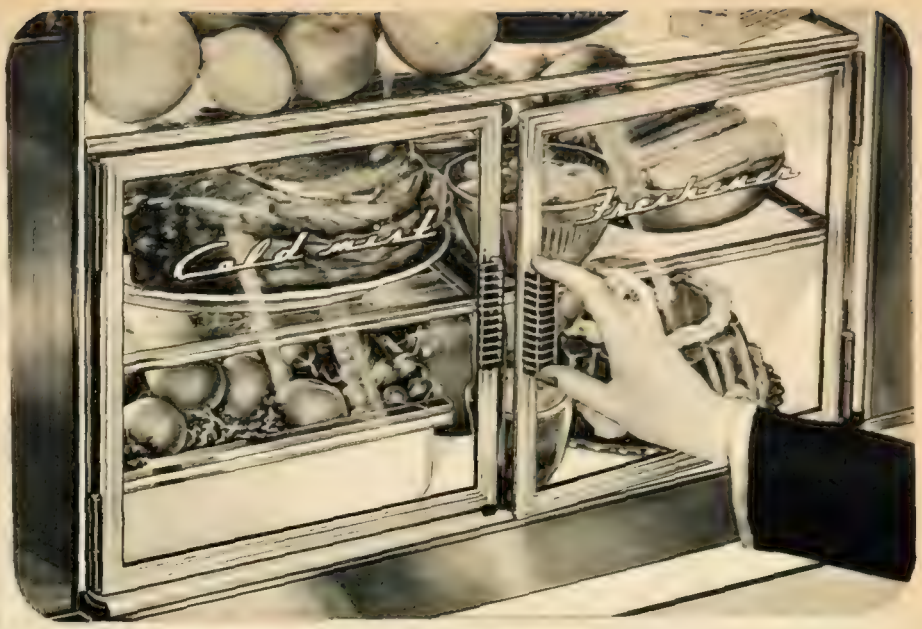
ANDY *(groans)*: I feels awful.

KINGFISH: Well, I guess we keep it in dere long enuff. I gonna see whut your temp'rature is now.

LIGHTNING: Whut does it say, Kingfish?

KINGFISH: Hmmm—a hund'ed an' ten. Andy, either de ten-cent store done cheat me on dis thermomeler, or yo' is daid!

THE END



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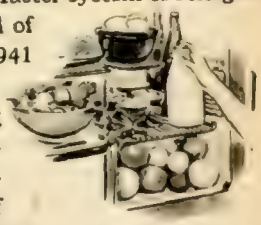

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For a synopsis of preceding chapters see page 34

PART FIVE—A MYSTERIOUS GETAWAY

WHEN their hotel room door was closed on them and they were finally alone, Mrs. Lillian Kettridge turned and looked at her daughter. "Well!" she said.

Lili stared back at her. She saw a mother who made a business of beauty. The faddist make-up, the standing-before-the-firing-line carriage, the minute care of detail from feather to leather, told the bill. Her beauty was still vivid—perhaps more so than at twenty, when Shelley had fallen in love with her. There were lines of laughter around her slender delicate lips. Her eyes were blue and so heavy-lidded that one was shocked that they could open so wide and so all-seeing.

"Well," Mrs. Kettridge repeated, and, putting her arm around Lili, led her to a window seat overlooking the park. "I'm completely obfuscated. I swear, I don't know which is a worse shock, you or the city. How could they change New York so much?" Her lovely eyes wandered to the view outside the window. "I mean—tunnels and bridges and viaducts. And where's my old Waldorf? Now, in London they have the rattiest traffic, but, when you know your way around, they don't change it. These Americans will never leave off bettering things."

"Well," said Peter. "You see, I didn't move out of town."

BY GRACE PERKINS

Author of No More Orchids, The Unbreakable Mrs. Doll, Twilight Cheats, et

"But aren't you an American, mother?"

"Well, of course, by birth. I didn't ask to be one. I don't believe in being *a* anything. And give me an hour or so before you call me mother. Do you realize you've changed more than this town in these years?"

"I suppose."

"It's incredible. Simply illusory. But I'll get used to it." She laughed with a flattering tone. "Did the Princess de Lueloew call?"

"Nobody's called."

"Nobody? Dear me! Well, I'll have to do some phoning. I have such a fantastic amount to do. I can't begin to tell you, baby, because it's quite over your head. But I'm here on a mission."

"A mission?"

Mrs. Kettridge inquired for the head of the hotel switchboard, learned her name, and gave a list of calls she wished put through.

"Yes," she said, and leaned back on one of the beds to kick her slippers off. "And in the meantime I am going to arrange for a lecture tour. Easy, with all my European background and your granny's name, you know. So now you know all about me. Will you tell me, in the name of sin, what kind of scrape you had yourself in at that airport? And don't you know enough by now, when you're in trouble with a man, to say you're engaged to him?"

"Mother, I don't want to marry Horace Rumford."

"You can *always* break an engagement!" Lillian Kettridge said

impatiently. She lifted the phone again and put in another call—this time for Horace Rumford at the Croton hospital. "Now tell me, baby, what happened last night?"

In the middle of Lili's recital the phone rang, and she sat back helplessly to listen to her mother talk to Horry.

"Listen to me, young man. At the moment you are engaged to my daughter. You were both awaiting my arrival to publicly announce it. I just want it clear if reporters reach you again, and you'd better patch things up with the police and the doctors out there—if you're man enough. You'd better send me flowers, and tell whatever folks you have to get in touch with me, and do the right thing. . . . That's very fine, sir. I'm not asking you to be sorry—I'm just asking you to go into action, and right away."

Lili stood up. She felt perilously close to tears—or to the desire to strike her mother's triumphant smile. Perhaps Mrs. Kettridge saw and understood. Once more she was talking into the phone, calling for clothes, accessories, and toilet articles from the hotel shops—arranging for a hired car to drive to Croton that afternoon.

"We'll go out and see the cowed young man," she explained to Lili, "and settle things with the head doctor and a few others. And, darling—let this be a lesson to you, and run like mad when a friend of yours is in real trouble, male or female."

"Please!" gulped Lili angrily.

Suddenly Mrs. Kettridge held her arms out to her daughter, and her voice was oddly crooning: "Come, baby, and cry it out."

Her hold was comforting, the smell of her deliriously promising. . . . But, above all, the voice hushed and healing: "I don't know if it's worth learning, baby, but I know it's got to be learned. Only you're a little late, sweet, I must say. When I was your age I had a good portion of my life lived, including you. So don't you take one little scrape seriously. Only you're in love with somebody else, aren't you? Or think you are?"

Lili looked up, too stunned at this prescience to make answer.

"With that young man who left you flat at the airport," her mother continued calmly, and lit a cigarette. "Right?"

"How did you know?"

Mrs. Kettridge laughed.

"Because he's as poor as a church mouse, that's how I knew. Which is silly of me. Do you know that in this day and age churches don't have mice? I was talking to His Excellency the Lord High Bishop of Drury—I think it was Drury—well, at any rate, he told me that churches simply don't have mice any more. He puts it down to the cinemas—you know, people eating things while they watch the pictures. That's where the mice are. Which reminds me, I'm refugee hungry. I'll order luncheon, and you go wash your face."

When Lili returned to the room, a waiter was wheeling in tables. Once they were alone, Mrs. Kettridge shot at her daughter in a quiet but haphazard way:

"How serious *are* you with the young man at the airport? I mean, how serious is it in the eyes of the world, heaven-forbid-that-they-should-have-seen? Have you had an affair with him?"

Lili put a cold clam into her mouth and swallowed it. She buttered some Melba toast. She tried a smile, but it didn't quite come off. She hadn't the slightest intention of telling any one—not *any one*—much less a woman who had had as many affairs as her mother.

Just as she feared, her behavior gave her away. Not only the silence but the fact that her eyes did not immediately meet her mother's. She felt Lillian Kettridge's hand as it reached over and squeezed her wrist.

"What a rotten shame," murmured her mother.

And then Lili looked at her.

"But I mean, after all," her mother said, with the most consoling benevolence. "Don't look so shocked! I'm the one that is traditionally supposed to be shocked! Right? I'm either supposed to raise unrequited hell with you, or syrup you with angelic sympathy. Well! I'm not doing either. I just say it's a rotten shame. Which it is. But after you say that—what? Are you going to let it ruin your life?"

Still Lili looked at her, wordless, too young to cope with such abundant expression.

"Do you wish to marry him?" Mrs. Kettridge asked with a slight edge of patience.

"I don't know."

"Oh. Meaning he can't. Right? O. K. That means, or should, that you shouldn't wish to marry him. But you do. Which you'll get over. And the best way to get over it is to hook onto another man. You have one browbeaten into engagement plans. After that, it's up to you. Everything, darling, is always up to you. Which is the hell of the thing."

"When do we leave for Croton?" Lili said.

"Ah! You have the makings of a very sane woman. We leave whenever we finish eating. Until then the car can wait. And incidentally, darling, the car and any other expenses are on me. I happen to be fixed for life."

"Your mission—mother?" Lili asked, in much the same Mrs. Kettridge tone. "Or is it still too early to call you mother? Or still too intimate—considering we haven't met for so many years, and then for only one slight afternoon—to mention a secret mission?"

Once more the heavy-lidded blue eyes flew open. Wide, frank, and this time well amused.

"No, my pet. It's not too early for either. Since I know your secrets, and I *am* your mother, you can know anything about me. You can know my secret mission, and if you open your young lips about it you'll be taken care of by other people than me. I didn't exactly plan it—or really wish for it. But I am here to get rid of a lot of treasure."

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

LILI KETTRIDGE, whose ne'er-do-well painter father, Shelley, lives in the West with his second wife and whose beautiful mother is in England, is left alone and wealthy at the death of her grandmother. She finds amusement in the company of Magda Manning and Horace Rumford, and shocks the town of Croton—as well as Old Sawyer, her grandmother's servant—by the parties she has at her house. When Magda decides to marry the wealthy Bugs Dourbon, Lili feels sorry for the jilted Horry, but her pity does not prevent her promising Peter Higgins, the law student with whom she is in love, that she will not see Rumford again. Peter, a young Westerner, is working his way through law school, and his finances are further complicated by the necessity of supporting his little orphaned niece Peggy, whom he has boarded near Lili in Croton.

Lili gets word that her mother is arriving on the Clipper from Lisbon, and goes to New York the night before. She spends the evening with Peter. When she returns to her hotel, she finds a message: Magda and Bugs are married. Knowing how despondent Horry will be, she calls him up. His landlady tells her he is ill and Lili goes to him. She discovers that he has taken something in an effort to commit suicide. She puts him in her car and rushes him to a hospital near Croton, where she enters him under the name of Mulligan. Then she drives back to New York, arriving early in the morning. As she enters the lobby of her hotel, Peter greets her. He has come to take her to the airport to meet her mother. Lili is afraid to tell him about Horry, knowing that he will be angry because she has broken her promise not to see the young man again.

At the airport, however, it all comes out. Reporters are there to interview Lili—to ask her why she put Rumford in the hospital under a false name and why he tried to commit suicide. Lili's mother, stepping off the plane, sizes up the situation. She announces that Horace is Lili's fiancé and urges the press not to make too much of a "lovers' quarrel."

Peter, angry, strides off.

Lili almost spilled her mother's coffee as she was pouring it.

"You heard." Mrs. Kettridge smiled benignly. "I came in without any luggage. Practically an évacuée. But all over the States, and even elsewhere, are treasures. Jewels. Art works. I can't begin to tell you. People have been a long while getting them out. And they have been enormously clever. I know where they are. And I am going—gradually—to convert them into cash. Horrible, isn't it? But it pays. And it wasn't my war in the first place, was it? And I know the inside information about every last foreigner here today. No. No! It isn't spy work, darling! Nor anything in the least questionable. Just interesting, exciting, and remunerative—oh, very."

It must be wonderful, Lili thought, to be as heedless yet as astute as that.

ALL afternoon she marveled at her mother. Maybe Dr. Alberts didn't eat out of her hand, but he didn't ignore the hand, either. He and the police chief and Mrs. Kettridge had quite a conference while "the young folks" were given a chance at privacy to make things up.

The young folks gazed at each other rather sheepishly. Horry was sitting in his room, fully dressed.

"Are you going to mind terribly being engaged to me, Lili?"

"I won't notice it, you mug; I'll be back at college."

"Listen!" Horace held out a hand to her, and because she was a softie she took it. "I know I've made a monkey out of myself. But if you'd give me half a chance, Lili, I'd try like hell's afire to be the kind of guy you should have."

"Now, Horry! All we have to do is to go through all the motions. Mother's going to throw parties and things."

"I know. But I've been thinking it over ever since she called. It would be something to live for, because you're the swellest kid I've ever known. I mean—would you give this a fair show? Not just a set-up, a picture—but a real chance?"

She nodded, unable to speak. She hadn't bargained that Horry might be romantic.

"Sure," she said, as brightly as she could. "Sure, Horry; and I think you're sweet."

"Wait and see," he told her portentously, and held up his face, his arms outward.

She leaned over and kissed his head, and for a moment he held her close. She broke away, laughing, admonishing him to get well soon so that she could have a presentable fiancé, and hurried from the room.

In the big corridor, she felt like running—just to keep on running away from everybody. But instead she met her mother and Dr. Alberts, and did and said what they expected of her.

Then they drove to her own home.

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"I know, Sawyer"—Mrs. Kettridge infuriated Old Sawyer as she spoke by pinching his cheek—"that you hate me. But for quite a number of months this will be my main home and you'll take orders from me. We have got to get this idiot-angel settled for life."

"You don't pay my salary," Old Sawyer said doggedly. "I don't give accountin's to you."

"You don't have to give anything to me but civility," Mrs. Kettridge smiled. "It's just that Lili *must* have a mother and home, however nominal. And if you think it isn't interfering with *my* plans, you're more of a dullard than I thought."

Which settled that, as Lillian Kettridge settled everything. Later in the evening she settled with her daughter just which friends Lili should phone to tell that "mother is just home from Europe, and perhaps a little dinner—say, on Saturday or Sunday?"

"Any one and every one you've had recent dealings with, and all of Gran's old crowd," Mrs. Kettridge purred before the fire. "I'll make out the menus. Then I shall give a large dinner in town next week, and maybe their eyes won't pop at the names I can summon. Meanwhile, get your dean or registrar or whatever she is at your college. You'll be a week or ten days late going back."

AND father?" Lili asked, with a sense of daring.

"Your father?" Mrs. Kettridge looked up, puzzled. She seemed a very hard-working child, anyway, in her tortoise-rimmed glasses. "Oh, yes, your father! Is he around?"

"He's in Arizona. Painting."

"Oh. Well, do as you please, my lamb. Invite him or not. He probably won't come if he knows I'm here. Every time he hears I'm around he either drinks or begets."

Lili smiled tremulously because her mother was smiling. But now she *knew*. Mrs. Kettridge still loved Shelley, no matter how much she denied it or how frequently she tried to replace him. Did most people care that way? What if all the rest of her days and nights she had to urge herself to forget Peter Higgins?

She wrote her father. She wrote Peter Higgins, too, many times. But all the letters to Peter she tore up. He would come to the country over the week-end to see little Peggy. Surely she could manage, someway, to run into him? Surely her car could pass his bicycle? Or maybe, she would figure as she picked out a ring with Horry, opened boxes of flowers, laughingly accepted congratulations over the phone, comforted Old Sawyer, who had added five in help, or read her own family history which ran along with her picture on the society page—maybe she could leave a note with Mrs. Robbins?

It completely shook her up when Peter Higgins appeared for the first home dinner party that Saturday night. Lili was receiving with her mother, and Peter strode toward them, in dinner clothes, his hand outstretched to Mrs. Kettridge.

"So nice of you to include me," he smiled. "Lili—you look radiant. Hello, Rumford. My congratulations."

Maybe Horace spoke. He was speaking very well that evening, and so was his aunt, who had come on from Ticonderoga to do all the family honors Horace had. But Lili couldn't speak. For hours her lips moved and she said things and answered things and offered things. She laughed and even responded to Horry's tender flirting. But she couldn't really speak.

Even when Peter took his leave, Lili couldn't speak. She shook his hand and wondered if there were the slightest special pressure. She looked into his eyes and found them smiling but estranged.

WHEN the door closed on him, something closed in Lili's heart. The lights seemed a little dimmer; everything and every one was slightly muted. But quite pleasant. It was even strangely pleasant to have Horry kissing her a ravishing good night later, because Horry was really a lovable lad, full of plans and resolutions.

As Mrs. Kettridge went into her nightly ritual of facial treatment, they discussed the party until finally her mother leaned back and sighed:

"Lili, why don't you ask me what you're burning to know? How I got young Higgins here."

"I guess, mother, because I'm not burning."

"I'd like to think so. I got to him through Old Sawyer. I had quite a talk with the young man last time I was in the city. Don't look so cross. Naturally, you resent interfering, but that's my job. Would you like me to report—all I said, and he said?"

"No. Because it doesn't matter."

Mrs. Kettridge shook her head.

"It doesn't, you know, Lili. But I think it would be a little more normal if you wept bitterly."

"Is that what you did, mother?"

"Oh, yes—gallons." Her mother shrugged. "And then worse. Went around in a fine fever, having what is known as a good time. You must surely have heard how scandalous I was and even am."

She stood up and began brushing her long tawny hair.

"I did it in tall style, Lili. I hit only the high spots, and that kept it more or less from being too sordid. But even so, baby, it didn't work. I'm telling you just so you'll never try that road; it's a very noisy and interesting road, but it doesn't go anywhere. *That*, my dear, from some one who is supposed to be more envied than pitied."

For the first time since she could remember, Lili went to her mother to kiss her because she wanted to.

"You're wonderful," she whispered. "No wonder Shelley does what he does when he hears about you."

"You're lucky," her mother whispered back, "very lucky that I blew into town when I did."

LILI, back at college, found that she felt absurdly adult now in the face of campus activities, weirdly dissociated with the stuff of textbooks and blackboards. Horry's letters and occasional visits were nice, particularly when he landed a good job. Magda's wild outbursts of congratulation and advice, once she heard of the engagement, were amusing. Mrs. Pell (Bugs) Dourbon was inexpressibly happy doing South America, and doing it strenuously.

Shelley wrote a masterpiece of mocking parental concern. Soon there were letters from her mother, doing splendidly on her lecture tour, hurling around titles and prosperous names, being entertained and pleading the good cause in perfectly breath-taking costumes. "I'll be home about the same time as you, my infant, but only for a week. I'll be home on and off all summer, but for the most part, sweet, I'm afraid I'll be kiting out—part pleasure, part business."

So the weeks went by, and, to her amazement, Lili got good marks. Her home-coming was swell. Horry met her in New York and they went out to dinner with Magda and Bugs, just back from their prolonged honeymoon. Bugs was delirious on the subject of South America, which was the thing to be, of course. He looked more bronzed and in love with life than ever. Magda was pregnant and quite pleased at the achievement. She treated Horry and Lili as cub-puppies whose odd little ways were delightful to watch. So, all in all, the relationship was going to be fine. With no difficulties at all.

Horry drove her out home and said he'd put up at the Country Club for the week-end. When the door closed on him and the last of his kisses and his sallies, Lili turned to face Old Sawyer, who looked at her grumpily.

"When are you going to break that fool engagement?" he said.

"I'm not sure I ever will, Sawyer. It's not so foolish."

"Your Gran was a fool that way. She let the man she loved slip right through her fingers."

"Why, Sawyer?"

"Why? Because he wasn't supposed to be good enough for her, is why. He was just a dumb prospector with no learning. He died rich—and ignorant. Your Gran was just my age when she read of his death, and she cried the whole night through. Good night, Miss Lili."

"'Night, Sawyer, and thanks a lot for the bedtime story."

"So probably, whatever develops, I'll weep at fifty," Lil told herself in her room. "So I might as well laugh now."

Her phone rang, and Horry, who had been nightcapping with friends he had met at the club, prattled:

"Who do you think is the tennis pro here this summer?"

"Tell me."

"My rival—Higgins."

"What do you mean, your rival?"

"I don't mean anything, and he means less," Horry explained creamily. "Let it go. I never said it. Anyway, he's pro here, and *some popular!* He asked about you in great detail."

"How painstaking!" Lili said.

"Yes, and he wants to know and so do I, would you like to come over for a foursome in the morning?"

So she went over for a foursome in the morning, and played very bad tennis.

The actual meeting didn't hurt. Perhaps because she had prepared herself so well for it. Perhaps because Peter looked far too glowing, far too healthy, and far too pleased with himself. He certainly didn't look as if he had been pining.

After the game they sprawled around and talked. For just a few brief moments they were alone while Peter was waiting for a pupil to arrive and Horry greeted some friends. They looked at each other, both so very eager to show they were not abashed, that they recognized the other's pose, and fortunately laughed.

WELL," said Peter, and cleared his throat. "You see, I didn't move out of town."

"I didn't think you would," she said, a little surprised at her own honesty.

"Didn't you?" He frowned briefly. "I came awfully close to it. But you remember what I once told you, when I moved out here? I said I didn't know the people you were mixed up with, but as far as I could get the picture, it was off center. I thought this time I would move right in on their Country Club and get to know them—just to see whether I'm crazy or you're crazy. And in the meantime I still don't get the picture. Not even after all your mother said to me."

"I have often wondered what she said to you," Lili sighed. "Truthfully, Peter, I don't get the picture myself. Maybe it's like modern art."

A voice sang out his name, with a lilt in its soprano tone that shot a pang through Lili. She turned to face the young married woman who was coming for a lesson, and saw in the eager face the sort of provocation that Peter was going to get a good dose of throughout the summer.

At least Peter Higgins was around, and Lili saw him frequently. She almost never saw him alone. Once or twice, when she stopped in to visit little Peggy. . . . The child had filled out pleasantly and was losing some of the inborn hostility of manner. Peter had bought her a small-sized bicycle and was teaching her to ride. . . .

Even these few moments alone seemed to mean nothing, so that they filled Lili with fretfulness. No sign

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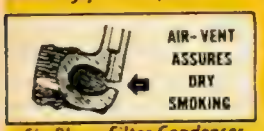

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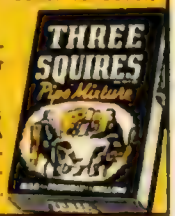

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from him, no word—not the briefest message from a smile or look, and never even a touch of his hand.

The days grew hotter and busier. The house parties that Mrs. Kettridge gave whenever she came to Croton kept Lili in a maze of activity. The engagement legend of herself and Horace Rumford grew—whether because of Horace's boastful delight, or because of Mrs. Kettridge's careful if casual broadcasting—until it became a substantial and immediate circumstance. Lili found herself accepting engagement presents, writing thank-you notes, and attending—with a sense of panic—a surprise shower!

"LILI," Mrs. Kettridge would say with an indulgent smile, "thinks she wants to finish college and get married next June, and of course there's no hurry. But I personally would like to see her settled this fall before I go back to Europe."

And, lying awake at night on her sleeping porch, Lili would think these things over and not know what to think or do. Perhaps, she thought, that was what Peter meant. Perhaps that was why he never spoke or gave any sign. Perhaps he was waiting for her to make up her mind.

She couldn't know that the summer was an intense silent battle between Peter and her mother. There was nothing Mrs. Kettridge could do about his presence—nothing she could complain of in his behavior. She admired him for the waiting game he played, and despised him more with each week that passed, particularly on the rare occasions he gave her an arch smile that was infuriating. Egging Horry on was simple but produced no effects. Evidently her daughter simply argued with Horace: "What's the matter with the way things are? How do I know you have completely reformed, anyway? I think you ought to prove it at least a year. Why shouldn't I go back to college and finish? We weren't serious when we first became engaged. Let's be sure we are serious before we step off."

Mrs. Kettridge felt helpless. She would not have cared which boy her daughter married, and while her mind was filled with innumerable schemes, she thought Lili too sweet and too young to trap her. She had talked frankly with Peter Higgins, who merely told her that he was in no financial position to get married, and that, furthermore, he felt that Lili didn't know her own mind, and that the child, thanks to her upbringing and the crowd she played with, had a false idea about life.

That merely meant waiting, and as far as Peter was concerned, Lili had plenty of time to wait. But Mrs. Kettridge felt thwarted. She had started out to do a maternal job, and she wanted to do it—and go.

She *had* to go. . . .

Awake at nights as often as her daughter who was out on the sleeping porch, lighting cigarettes in the moonglow, Mrs. Kettridge was just as troubled by the unreasonableness of love as her own child. Shelley, as usual whenever she came to the States, was bombarding her with messages, wires, letters, and phone calls, wherever she went. Twenty years ago, without realizing it, he had proved to her that the country was not big enough for them both; now he seemed just as interested in the game. Mrs. Kettridge had no real heart to return to a war-torn and doomed Europe, no matter how deep the niche she had undoubtedly carved for herself there. There comes an age when the pulses do not quicken, but until that age arrived she couldn't bear her own homeland as long as Shelley harassed her with his importunate messages. There seemed to be no meaning to these messages—sarcastic, bitter, taunting—no purpose, except perhaps that Shelley wanted to make her as unhappy as she made him.

By midsummer Mrs. Kettridge was so keyed up that she was almost at the breaking point. Even though she might warn her daughter that there was no answer, no satisfaction in fervent pursuit of pleasure, she had reached that state again.

And Lili found herself tripping over very elegant refugees who made a business of visiting. The town was impressed, and so was the club. But Lili found it a bore and was disturbed by her mother's shrill gaiety. Oftener and oftener she excused herself from club dances or club affairs when Mrs. Kettridge was taking her friends. Lili found it a comfort to stay at home alone.

IT was on such a night that she retired early and, to her great relief, found herself sleepy. She could catch some rest at the brink of the evening, and perhaps wake up when her mother returned with her noisy friends. Being sleepy meant she didn't have to think about Horace, who would once more come tomorrow for a week-end, with his endless questions and desire for a decision. Nor even think about Peter, who must be very lonely now because Mrs. Robbins had taken little Peggy away for two weeks. That meant Peter was "batching" it. But evidently Westerners loved to batch it, and Peter didn't in the least need all the elaborate sympathy, invitations, and attention that he was getting. And it was nice to be sleepy and not think about it, think what her mother had said about Peter—that it would turn his head, and that after one such summer he would probably be spoiled for life.

She slept more soundly than she ever imagined, and so it was with some difficulty that Old Sawyer woke her up at two in the morning.

"I thought you ought to know," he said, "the swells came back without your mother."

Lili raised herself on one elbow. "Where's mother? Why?"

"I wish you would get the swells

out of here in the mornin' if you can," Old Sawyer mumbled. "Your mother's gone to New York. She telephoned a while back, but you was asleep."

Alone, Lili shrugged. No use trying to figure it out. Her mother was unpredictable.

With something of her mother's own finesse, she got rid of a baron, his daughter, and a viscount on the eight-o'clock train in the morning. Then she decided to go to the club for a swim.

At the club she heard talk. To begin with, Peter wasn't there! And on her inquiry she was told that he would not be back that summer. That information startled her so that she proceeded to talk to the dressing-room attendant down in the locker room. Within fifteen minutes she had the story, a very garbled story. Peter was in disgrace. No one quite knew, according to the dressing-room attendant, who the woman was, but at the dance last night something had happened. And there had been a few moments when only the deft interference of the manager prevented a scandalous commotion.

Lili left the club, got into her car, and drove to Mrs. Robbins' house. And all along the way her face was grimly set. *Perhaps* Peter was not so guilty. Surely she herself had been suspected of many sins she hadn't committed. Yet there *must* be something to the story, for a guy like Peter didn't resign or get himself kicked out without some cause.

She was startled, as she drove into the street where he lived, to see a familiar car parked before his door—so startled that she put on the brakes swiftly. She felt her heart pounding, because it was the little coupé her mother used, and of course that didn't make sense. Yet, somehow, Lili found herself backing her car away, down the block and around the corner, just out of sight. She stopped her motor and then leaned forward, trying to figure what to do or say. Her mother had gone to New York, hadn't she? Mighty peculiar, too, leaving her distinguished friends to stay on at the dance at the club and come home alone. . . .

Mrs. Robbins' front screen door opened and slammed shut. Peter came out of the house, went down the steps, opened the door of Mrs. Kettridge's car. He looked up and down the street. Presently he made a sign. Once more the screen door opened and banged, and Mrs. Kettridge came out.

Lili heard herself make a sound, and bit her lip sharply. The same black evening sandals, the very long fox jacket, and the large satin purse tucked under her arm! She was wearing the same clothes as last night, then! She had, no doubt, merely pinned up the skirt under her coat. On her lovely tawny hair was an old beret which Lili recognized as belonging to Mrs. Robbins.

The car started slowly, and almost in a daze Lili started her own. She was following them. She didn't know why. But discreetly, quite a distance away, she was following them. Even after she recognized where they were going—to the railroad station—she followed along. She pulled in to the great crowded area where all the summer cars were parked. She turned off her engine and sat back to watch. She saw many people she knew, but fortunately they were too intent on their own commuting affairs to notice her or her car except for an occasional wave or a "Hi."

Peter didn't get out of Mrs. Kettridge's car—only Mrs. Kettridge; and not until the last moment—not until the train had pulled in. Then, head high as usual, but with extreme haste, she climbed out of her car and boarded the train.

As swiftly as she moved, Peter went into action. He backed the coupé and shot it onto the highway long before the train had pulled out.

But Lili had no heart to follow. She didn't want to see him or hear what he might have to say.

What is the reason for Peter's and Mrs. Kettridge's strange actions? Is Lili's own mother the woman involved in the scandal at the club? At home, another surprise waits for Lili, and she hears a new version of the story of Peter's dismissal. Read it in Liberty next week.

Wild Hair Walter: Water-soaks his hair without thinking. Ought to know water robs his hair of natural oils—leaves it dry, brittle. Kreml helps overcome dryness, controls uppity hair.

"Slick" Sylvester: Thinks that plastering his hair with sticky grease makes him a "smoothie." Greaseless Kreml makes hair look *naturally* well-groomed, removes dandruff scales.

Billiard Ball Bill: "—he isn't old as he looks, Mary!" Poor Bill, Kreml and proper care might have helped him keep his hair. Too bad. Too late. Nothing will bring it back now.

ALL DATED UP! Has them hanging on the phone for his call. Kreml contains beneficial oils that keep your hair *naturally* handsome, "easy to look at" as well as easy to comb.

KEEP that tap turned *off* when you comb your hair! Use Kreml instead — every day — for *greaseless* grooming.

Kreml *helps* your hair, instead of harming it. For Kreml checks excessive falling hair, removes dandruff scales, relieves itching scalp.

You too, ladies! Women say Kreml keeps coiffures lovely and lustrous. It conditions your hair *before* a permanent—works wonders *after* one.

Get Kreml at your drugstore or barber shop. Ask for Kreml Shampoo at the same time. It has a gentle, 80% olive oil base that leaves your hair more thoroughly cleansed, easier to handle.

DON'T USE WATER — USE

KREML

REMOVES DANDRUFF SCALES
CHECKS EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR
NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

BY
PRINCESS ALEXANDRA
KROPOTKIN

Grade yourself as follows:

35 correct .....Excellent
30 correct .....Good
25 correct .....Fair
20 correct .....Passing
Under 20 .....Failing

TO THE Ladies Quiz

HOW MANY OF THESE 40 QUESTIONS CAN YOU ANSWER?

1—How is the gauge of silk stockings determined?

2—What rhyme lists four things that every bride should wear at her wedding?

3—When should a personal letter be left unsealed?

4—In reference to silverware, what does Sheffield mean?

5—Can women claim exemption from jury duty because of their sex?

6—Who is the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street?

7—Which of the following authors were women: George Eliot, George Moore, George du Maurier, George Sand?

8—Biting hard on a pin or needle relieves what kitchen discomfort?

9—What is a baker's dozen?

10—The world's largest wholesale fur market is located where?

11—Does the average woman tend to be bowlegged or knock-kneed?

12—The clam-chowder controversy between New England and New York involves what two ingredients?

13—According to economists, the amount of money you pay for rent should not exceed what fraction of your income?

14—When does Mothering Sunday occur?

15—What is the greatest monument ever erected by a husband in memory of his wife?

16—In cooking, what is meant by *au gratin?* by *soubise?* by *flambé?*

17—How can you keep liquid cooking in a pot from boiling over?

18—What woman is supposed to have had the longest hair?

19—It is against the law to wear the feathers of what birds?

20—The system under which a woman may have more than one legal husband is called what?

21—Does the average woman look slimmer or stouter in a photograph than in real life?

22—Jodhpurs and dirndls came into style here from what two countries respectively?

23—In what part of North America does a nationally popular dish combine chicken and chocolate?

24—A gate-leg table has how many legs?

25—What did women of the 1870s mean by a Grecian bend?

26—By whom are Geneva gowns worn?

27—To use for sterilizing, water must be how hot?

28—What American woman wore the first pair of bloomers?

29—What is the origin of the term grass widow?

30—Why do gentlemen take off their hats to ladies?

31—If we had no face creams or lotions, from what vegetables and fruits could we make our own cosmetics?

32—Why did a woman's petty cash come to be known as pin money?

33—Upon whose skin do cosmetic manufacturers test their products first?

34—In what way should red wine be served differently than white wine?

35—Why are Caesarean operations known as such?

36—Does a woman of foreign birth automatically become an American citizen when she marries an American?

37—What common beverage may be applied as an emergency treatment for severe burns?

38—The bridegroom may perform his own marriage ceremony in what religious sect?

39—Nearly all babies are born with eyes of what color?

40—How can we tell when it is leap year?

(*The answers will be found on page 45*)

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

AND THE MORAL IS...?

LIBERTY'S SHORT SHORT

BY CHANNING POLLOCK

TURNER TIPPETT sauntered down Broadway with an expansive smile on his face and a roll of greenbacks in his hand. Perhaps "sauntered" isn't precisely the word. It was two o'clock in the morning. Broadway's signs were lit, and so was Mr. Tippett.

Near the corner of Forty-seventh Street, Turner encountered Ambrose Fruit. Ambrose was a casual acquaintance rather than a friend. "You don't look yourself," Ambrose said. "What have you been up to?"

"Up to Fifty-second Street," Turner replied, with a comprehensive wave of the hand containing the bills. "Up to snuff, too. Ever meet the man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo? Well, I'm his little brother, and I got sixteen hundred dollars in this roll."

"You won't have it long," predicted Mr. Fruit. "Not if I know Broadway. Why not go home?"

Mr. Tippett thought a moment. "No such place," he said finally. "Not for me, anyway. Live alone, and don't like it. Just a frowzy hall room. Got on my nerves, that's what it did. Stood it as long as I could, so now I'm a playboy. At the moment your name escapes me, but if you've got any bright ideas for a little fun, I'm willing to listen."

So far as their immediate neighhood was concerned, that made it unanimous. An interested group had gathered, and its interest seemed centered in Mr. Tippet's sixteen hundred dollars. Mr. Fruit hailed a taxi. "Come along," he said. "I'm going to put you out of harm's way."

Once in the taxi, Turner Tippett sank into a slumber from which he was only partially roused at the entrance to a small hotel in the theatrical district. The theater was Mr. Fruit's business, and he had a running-in-and-out acquaintance with this hostelry. "My friend's missing on several cylinders," he told the clerk. "I'd like to park him until he can get out under his own power."

Turner had relapsed into what gave every indication of being a period rather than a coma. Mr. Fruit put him to bed and, just to make sure, removed the roll of bills and some silver from a trousers pocket, and carried them down to the hotel clerk. "This belongs to Mr. Tippett," he said. "Give it to him if and when he gets sober. I think he's in for the night, but if I'm wrong, you never heard of such a thing as money in your life, and certainly not of any connected with Mr. Tippett."

His one good deed done, Mr. Fruit retired to the bosom of his family in Central Park West. He was very busy the next day and quite forgot Mr. Tippett.

When the incident recurred to his mind, it seemed unimportant. Long before this, Mr. Tippett must have returned to normalcy and his hall room. Mr. Fruit hadn't the vaguest idea where *that* was, and little more than a vague idea as to Mr. Tippett's ordinary employment. He was a "commercial artist," he seemed to remember. Until the encounter on Broadway, he had met Mr. Tippett only two or three times—chiefly at cocktail parties—and might not have recalled him at all but for his height, his emaciation, and his unruly black hair. Looks like an Indian, Mr. Fruit had thought, and apparently he was —a wild Indian.

IT was a year later that they met again, and again on Broadway. Mr. Tippett looked more like an Indian than ever, though less wild. He looked so tame, in fact, so worried and seedy, that Mr. Fruit hastened an alibi. "Can't stop," he blurted. "Rushing home to bed. All broken up from overwork."

Mr. Tippett clung piteously. "I am ill," he said—"desperately ill, I'm afraid. The only chance I've got is to get to Arizona, and quick."

"Well, then," Mr. Fruit asked, almost as he had at their last meeting, "why not go there?"

"Money," Mr. Tippett explained tersely. "I'm broke."

Mr. Fruit scented a touch. "Serves you right," he blurted brutally. "No one to blame but yourself. Last time I saw you, almost at this spot, you were waving sixteen hundred dollars as though it were a Roman candle."

Mr. Tippett blinked. "Yes," he admitted, "I could do with that sixteen hundred if I had it now. Might save my life. Funny, what happened to that money."

"What did happen to it?" asked Mr. Fruit.

"That's the puzzle. Somebody stole it, I guess. All I know is, next morning I woke up in a strange hotel without a cent. Flat. I made my exit down the back stairs. How I got into that hotel I'll never know, but how I got out was a masterpiece of strategy. Anyway, whoever lifted my roll must've done it *before* I got in, because that hotel's strictly reliable, and if I ever get any money again, I'll pay what I owe 'em."

"Do you mean to say you didn't stop at the desk on the way out?"

"I hadn't a cent. What would I stop for?"

"For sixteen hundred dollars, you fool," Mr. Fruit almost shouted. "*I* took you to that hotel, and I took your roll and told 'em to lock it up in the safe. It's probably there now. Come on, and we'll see."

It *was* there. "The night clerk must have tucked it away," the day clerk explained, "and've forgotten to mention it." Why *should* he have mentioned it? the night clerk inquired of the day clerk. "I took it for granted the guy had asked for his dough and got it."

"If you'd behaved sensibly," Mr. Fruit told Mr. Tippett, "you'd've had your money next morning."

"If I'd behaved sensibly," Mr. Tippett said, "I'd never've had it."

"You wouldn't've needed it," Mr. Fruit barked. "If you'd behaved, your health wouldn't've broke down."

"It might've broken up—like yours," Mr. Tippett replied slyly. "*You* behaved, and you're sick. *I* didn't, and *I'm* sick. Having behaved, you can afford to go home. *Not* having behaved, I can afford Arizona. I'm starting now. And the moral is . . .?"

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1941; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

READING TIME • 12 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

What Will Our World Be

BY HARRISON E. HOWE

Noted scientific author, editor of Industrial and Engineering Chemistry

DO you recall the day back in the Model-T era when you—or it may have been your father or grandfather—for the first time took that steep neighborhood hill in high?

Before you had traded your old car in on the new model, that hill had represented a stubborn challenge. Usually you had to make several passes at it, all in low gear, crawling and stalling. Then you got that new model and she went up in high. You boasted to all your neighbors about it.

After a while, though, they got new cars, too, and no one talked about making the hill in high any more. They just came to take it for granted.

What had happened?

Nothing to the hill. A great deal in the nation's laboratories. Automotive engineers, wrestling with new motor designs and working closely with refinery engineers and chemists, had been intent upon getting your car up that hill in high for many years. They could have told you, long before you did it, that one day you would master the hill, because they knew what they and their colleagues were dreaming about and trying to do.

Your scientists, then—engineers and chemists—are best qualified to make predictions. They stand on the threshold of the future. Their work today determines how you will live tomorrow.

And what is tomorrow going to be like?

Let's take a ride to the top of today's hill for a preview peek into the future. A host of new things are about to come from the laboratories. Some of them will be realities, even commonplaces, before 1941 has ended. Some will come later. Meanwhile a few free-guess predictions should prove interesting.

Your automobile of tomorrow will, for one thing, be an even more quiet car than that in which you ride today. Bits of oil-resisting synthetic rubber will be employed at noise-making parts of the mechanism.

Tires made with Cordura rayon or with the newer cotton cords recently developed in competition, will be tough.

Synthetic rubber or, more properly, rubberlike substitutes, may rank as the most important industrial development during 1941. (The word substitutes should not be taken to imply any inferiority, since they are equivalents for most of the services they perform and are actually better than crude rubber for others.)

Three of the several varieties of chemical rubber produced in America have come from our laboratories in the past year and use products of petroleum—one of the United States' greatest natural resources—as their principal constituents.

True, these synthetic rubbers, so far, are more costly. But several of them are making their way on their own and possess certain desirable qualities not found in natural rubber. It is comforting to realize that, given time, this country probably could meet the national emergency of a natural-rubber shortage in its laboratories.

Apace with these developments goes experimentation in new uses for rubber. Our scientists are already testing a new kind of armor plate composed of layers of steel alternated with layers of special rubber. Superior to solid steel armor plate, which is 20 per cent heavier, the new armor plate will enable military planes to carry more fuel, guns, and ammunition.

Your automobile in 1942 will have a better, more lasting paint job and, were it not for the fact that we are in the midst of an intensive defense program, you might even now be filling your gas tank with 100-octane gasoline, which has proved so efficient in airplanes. Though its cost would be considerably higher, you would, driving at a speed of twenty miles an hour, obtain double your present mileage. Despite necessary defense priority rulings, you still may find this new fuel available in the future, for the petroleum industry has shown itself capable of rapid expansion.

Our laboratories are still seeking substitutes or supplements for gasoline. One process aims to produce gasoline from vegetable products and from seaweed. It is not likely that the farmer will make his own gasoline in 1941, but it is possible that in the future he may deliver starchy or sugary vegetables to some central point where this process is used and take home gasoline in return.

The future of today's farmer is inextricably tied up with the research being done in laboratories where scientists seek to discover new uses for agricultural products or learn of diseases due to deficient diet.

Keratitis, a form of blindness resulting from a disease in which the cornea of the eye is invaded by a superfluity of blood vessels—it has recently been learned—is caused by the specific deficiency of vitamin B_2. The disease can be halted—and vision restored—in early and incipient stages—by supplying enough B_2 to a deficient diet.

That brings to the fore another scientific advance of which we may expect to hear more this year—the fortifying of our foods to supply vitamins inexpensively.

Food refineries have tried to please our palates. We cheat our vitamin needs by insisting upon white bread at our grocer's. White flour lacks the quantities of the necessary B complex found in whole-wheat products. Today our scientists are working out the problem of fortifying white flour with B complex and a little calcium salt, as has already been done in Great Britain.

New foods and old ones in more attractive form are certain to appear this year. There already exists a Food of the Month Club which supplies subscribers with a package of several new foods every thirty days. These packages will include five to seven items so selected that they will cover the range of a complete meal.

The progress already made in fresh frozen foods may conceivably stimulate bulk buying of foods during the next year or so. The housewife will simply go to her home cold-storage plant, select her menu, and prepare a meal from raw materials in every way equivalent to fresh ones.

A realistic, revealing look at things to come

Tomorrow's housewife may smoke cigarettes without nicotine, and place on her table peaches without fuzz. More important, she may, in 1942, add inexpensive vitamins to reinforce her food through the use of powdered grass.

The amazing medical results obtained by scientists with sulfanilamide derivatives in the fight against streptococcus-type invasion are, by this time, well enough known. But what the general public may not know is that our chemists have found, to date, more than 1,500 sulfanilamide derivatives and are, as you read this, seeking still more and hunting new uses for those already found.

One of the newer derivatives will sterilize the alimentary tract without getting into the blood stream; still another can be used in small doses, thereby avoiding sulfanilamide's depressing effect on the central nervous system.

For a brand-new one—promin, which is now under investigation—great results are anticipated. It is not the purpose of this article to raise hopes unduly before complete experimentation is over, yet it is possible to say that promin *may*, before 1941 is over, deliver a knockout blow to the dread disease of tuberculosis.

In the field of textiles, science can and does move swiftly and unpredictably. Every woman in America knows how quickly the first stock of nylon, first real rival of silk for hosiery, disappeared from the shelves of retail shops when it went on sale last May. To meet the phenomenal demand, the manufacturer will invest $28,000,000 in new plants which, by late this year or early 1942, will produce 16,000,000 pounds of fiber annually—five times the output originally planned. As large-scale manufacture reduces production cost, women may be justified in looking forward to reductions in the price of nylon stockings.

Fortezan—another substitute for silk said to be stronger and even more elastic than nylon—already has been tested and may appear in the stores this year.

From the array of chemically created textiles already past laboratory stages and about to arrive on store shelves, the woman of 1941 will be able to select garments that are waterproof, flameproof, spotproof, stainproof, creaseproof, and mildewproof.

If the woman of 1942 enters one of the larger movies she may find her way down what was once a dark aisle by the soft glow of a seemingly magic carpet. This innovation—handy in darkened sleeping cars as well—is made possible because certain dyes absorb invisible ultraviolet light and reflect it as visible light. Concealed lamps in ceiling and walls are fitted with filters which allow only invisible ultraviolet light to pass. These rays are reflected by the carpets and the details of carpet patterns can be distinctly seen. All this will be brought about because the wool used in the carpets will first be treated with a suitable dye and then woven.

A new-type paint for rooms where health lamps are used also promises to be a feature of the near future. Most paints reflect less than 10 per cent of the ultraviolet from such lamps. This one reflects up to 72 per cent of the beneficial rays. Watch, too, for rapid strides in the production of germicidal paints.

With growing appreciation of the importance of adequate lighting, you may anticipate, this year, the initial steps in the revolutionizing of lighting of our stores, factories, offices, and homes by photoelectric cells.

Many of us—at a railroad terminal or elsewhere—have passed through a door controlled by a photoelectric cell as we intercept a beam of light. We will soon find an ever growing num-

ber of installations where the cell acts as a constant watchman not over a door but over a light switch. As daylight fades, the photoelectric cell automatically will increase artificial light inside, so that illumination in our buildings will remain constant twenty-four hours a day, if desired. As the day brightens, the lights will be turned down through the action of the photoelectric cell.

Fluorescent lighting—a cheaper, cooler form of illumination already making rapid strides commercially—will be perfected still further and win favor for home use.

This year will continue to see rapid strides made in an already swift field—that of the development and use of new plastics. One of these—saran—has been found to possess chemical resistance and outstanding practical usefulness. Crude oil and salt brine are its raw materials. In strip form it is already in use as seat covers for some of New York's subway trains, replacing far less durable rattan.

An experimental plastic plane already has been constructed. It is resistant to shock, impervious to water, oil, and gasoline and virtually fireproof. Its parts, made in molds and baked under pressure, eliminate riveting and welding. If military models can be designed and turned out, we will speed up our aviation construction program twenty times its present rate.

"Good night, mom—don't bother to tuck me in!"

Still a new plastic which you may see perfected in 1942 is one made from coffee. If it turns out well, our laboratories will have done more than half a dozen good-will missions to bring increased prosperity and bind us in good fellowship to our neighbors to the south.

Plastics, it would seem, go hand in hand with our national defense program. It is necessary to conserve tin—a strategic material. Therefore more and more plastic containers will be used to hold foods and other merchandise which we have been accustomed to buy in tins.

Such tin cans as are used offer new and surprising features: One of them has, in a compartment below that containing the food, a chemical compound which, upon wetting, releases heat. Through chemical reaction, the canned goods can be warmed in the absence of fire.

For both peacetime and wartime use the chemist has evolved other surprises for the near future. Color photographs taken from military planes at night will successfully penetrate camouflage that may hide military objectives. Maintenance and speed of direly needed cargo ships will be enhanced by electroplating—a process which is said to prevent corrosion of steel bottoms and to discourage growth of barnacles. Shipyards, in 1942, may treat all hulls by this process. They will use, too, a new improved nail made from materials involving rust-resisting alloys.

The paper industry, already affected by the foreign situation—since it normally imports pulp from Scandinavia, Finland, Russia, and Canada—will look for and receive help from the chemist during the present year. New England white pine and the loblolly and slash pine of the South already have been made available to paper manufacturers as a rapid-growing raw material. The chemist has discovered a modified process making these woods suitable for paper. Other woods will become available for our paper mills as other processes flow from our laboratories.

MORE than any one else, the scientist of today is making America the self-dependent country of tomorrow. The most commonplace and seemingly irrelevant discoveries made by science open, when examined closely, wide and glittering vistas that may affect our whole national fufure. Let me conclude with an example.

Colchicine is a drug made from autumn crocus roots. In January of last year a new flower, the tetra marigold, was created by use of colchicine.

The parent marigold was treated with the drug and produced plants from two to two and a half feet high. These bore deep orange blossoms much larger than the parent flowers.

Nothing startling here, you say, except for flower lovers?

But wait. The same drug also has demonstrated a beneficial effect on such trees as aspens and larches. Young tree plants of those varieties, after treatment, trebled their size.

Does the picture open before your eyes now? Do you see, as the chemists see, the possibility of bigger trees in the future—a possible trebling of the ever needed sources of wood and cellulose for our national industries?

Out of the laboratories and the quiet studies of science may well come a bigger and better, stronger and richer America.

Not all that has been foretold here can be guaranteed to happen in 1942. For the scientist expects to be taken at his word—his predictions are not simple guesswork prophecy. What he foresees he knows will one day be realized, though he cannot fix the exact date.

"This year, perhaps. Or next year. Surely sometime," he promises.

It is heartening that he never says "never."

THE END

IT'S JUST SOMETHING THAT COMES UP EVERY SPRING

Rust, sediment and sludge have collected all winter in the cooling-system of your car. Clean out your radiator. Save trouble and expense later. Use 10c worth of Sani-Flush now! (25c for largest truck or tractor.)

Do the job yourself—or have your service station do it. Plain water isn't enough. Insist on Sani-Flush. Can't harm aluminum cylinder heads. It's used in most bathrooms for cleaning toilet bowls. (*Directions on can.*) Sold by grocery, drug, hardware and 5-and-10c stores. 10c and 25c sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.

Sani-Flush
CLEANS OUT RADIATORS

☆ LIBERTY'S BOOK TIP ☆

by Donald Gordon

(For eleven years Donald Gordon's opinions and ratings of new books have been used by some 25,000 libraries and bookstores. His "Book Tip" will be a weekly feature for readers of Liberty.)

THIS ABOVE ALL, by Eric Knight.

The novel every one'll be reading this spring, summer, and probably the autumn. It is the first really impressive novel from England depicting other than superficially the attitudes of many varied individuals under impact of war. Main stream is an unusual love story of a soldier revolted by the Dunkirk horror and the girl of a casual double date. Suspense'll pin your ears back. Don't miss!

40 ANSWERS

by Princess Kropotkin to her questions on page 40

1—The gauge indicates the number of needles used to knit an inch of fabric. Thus, 39 gauge, very coarse, means thirty-nine needles used; 60 gauge, very fine, means sixty needles; etc.

2—"Something old, something new, something borrowed, and something blue."

3—When it's a letter of introduction.

4—Silver plating on copper, by the process that originated at Sheffield, England.

5—Yes, that's the law; but very few women take unfair advantage of it.

6—The Bank of England is called the Old Lady of Treadneedle Street.

7—George Eliot, whose real name was Mary Ann Evans, and George Sand, whose real name was Amaudine Aurore Dudevant.

8—The tears caused by peeling onions.

9—Thirteen.

10—In St. Louis, Missouri.

11—Knock-kneed.

12—Milk and tomatoes. New England claims clam chowder should be made with milk and without tomatoes. New York says with tomatoes and no milk.

13—One quarter.

14—The fourth Sunday in Lent. It was an early form of Mother's Day. After church on Mothering Sunday, parents were visited and presented with gifts.

15—The Taj Mahal, at Agra, India, built by Shah Jehan as a tomb for his favorite wife, Mumtaz Mahal.

16—*Au gratin* means brown-crusted, usually with baked bread crumbs and grated cheese. *Soubise* means a white onion sauce. *Flambé* means served aflame, as a plum pudding, with burning brandy or other liquor.

17—By floating a small bit of butter on top of the cooking liquid.

18—Rapunzel, who let her hair down from a tower window so her lover could climb up, as by a rope.

19—Egret, bird of paradise, heron, hummingbird, bald eagle.

20—Polyandry.

21—Ten per cent stouter in a photograph.

22—Jodhpurs from India, dirndls from Austria.

23—In Mexico. The dish is *molé poblano*.

24—Eight.

25—The tipped forward angle at which it was fashionable for women to walk when they wore bustles.

26—By priests. The Geneva gown is the loose large-sleeved gown of ecclesiastical habit.

27—It must be heated to at least 220 degrees Fahrenheit.

28—Mrs. Amelia Jenks Bloomer, for whom they are named.

29—From the German straw widow (*Strohwittwe*), a girl deserted; literally, "left in the hay."

30—The custom dates from the time when gentlemen wore armor. In the presence of a lady, a knight removed his helmet to assure her there was no danger of violence.

31—Cucumbers, lemons, grapefruit, strawberries, coconuts, avocado pears.

32—Because in olden times pins were so expensive that women spent much of their small change for them. In Colonial America pins cost from twenty-five to fifty cents apiece.

33—The skin of a guinea pig's stomach. They shave it. It is two and one half times more sensitive than a lady's skin.

34—Red wine should be served at room temperature. White wine should be chilled.

35—Because Julius Caesar, at birth, is said to have been delivered by that method of surgery.

36—No. She must be naturalized.

37—Very strong tea.

38—Among the Quakers.

39—Except in extremely rare cases, all babies are born with blue eyes, which may then change to brown, gray, etc., during the first year.

40—It is leap year when the number of the year, like 1944, can be divided by four.

"I'm a coward about spanking children"

A modern mother learns how to solve an old problem the up-to-date way

1. I *dread* spanking children—I'd far rather reason with them But sometimes a child can almost drive you mad! One day, my Janet was so stubborn, I found myself thinking, "A good smack in the right place would save us both a lot of time and energy"

2. Janet needed a laxative and she refused flatly to take it. I know it tastes awful, so I offered to give her a lollipop if she'd take it like a good girl. And she still refused. So, for the first time, I spanked her and *forced* her to take it. She didn't cry. She just *looked* at me.

3. I felt perfectly awful all day. That's why I looked so gloomy when my cousin dropped in. She's a registered nurse for the best child specialist in town. So I asked her what to do about Janet and her laxative. And she said, "Give her a laxative she'll *like*."

4. "It's dangerous to force a child to take a nasty-tasting laxative," she went on. "It can shock her delicate nervous system. Children should get a laxative made especially for them—not an adult's laxative. *I'd* give your youngster Fletcher's Castoria."

5. "Children love the taste of Fletcher's Castoria," she added. "And you can be sure it's thorough, but always mild and *safe*—not a single harsh drug in it. Try it—I know you'll agree with me." So I walked her to the corner and bought a bottle right then and there.

6. The next time Janet needed a laxative, I gave her Fletcher's Castoria. And sure enough—she *loved* the taste! And me, well, I've settled a difficult problem the way I like best—without spankings. No more laxative tussles in *our* house!

HERE IS THE MEDICAL BACKGROUND

Chief ingredient of Fletcher's Castoria is senna.

Medical literature says: **(1)** In most cases, senna does not disturb the appetite and digestion or cause nausea . . . **(2)** Senna works primarily in the lower bowel . . . **(3)** In regulated dosages, it produces easy elimination and has little tendency to cause irritation or constipation after use.

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Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The SAFE laxative for children

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

WERE you born between the 1st and 10th of May? If you were, argues Muriel Hasbrouck, then some one born between the 1st and the 10th of March should suit you fine and dandy. Not an astrologer, not a fortuneteller (though she's had experience there), Mrs. Hasbrouck now works with a different kind of divination, based on ten-day cycles. Her book on birth-date conditioning, as she terms it, will be published by E. P. Dutton & Company next autumn. As she explained it to me in a recent talk, her idea, blended from old and modern sciences, is that all time divides up into ten-day cycles which have affinity or antipathy for one another. Each of us, she contends, has our positive and negative side, our strengths and faults, our personal polarity, fixed by the cycles of our birth dates. She's sure we'd get along more smoothly together if we studied each others' cycles. For example, a business man—sort of a convert to her method—phoned her and said, "Tomorrow I'm having a very important meeting with a man in Chicago. I've looked him up in Who's Who. He was born on such-and-such a date. How shall I handle him?" . . . Consulting her charts, Mrs. Hasbrouck replied, "Go easy with *him*. He is liable to turn stubborn when pushed. Let him make up his own mind." . . . The conference was reported back to her as a complete success. And that's the way her cycle system is supposed to function. Originally from Toronto, Muriel Hasbrouck is an ex-syndicate poetess, ex-newspaperwoman. Her brother, H. Addington Bruce, was an early writer on psychology.

☆ The element of festivity always attached to predictions of the future—witness palm readers at fairs, crystal gazers at carnivals, etc., etc.—has been cleverly applied by Mrs. Hasbrouck to home entertainment. Her new Wheel of Fortune game, just now on the market, combines playing cards, signs of the zodiac, and two arrows that spin like the hands of a clock. You ask your question, preferably aloud, "Does he love me?"—"Will we marry?"—"Am I going to get the job?"—then spin the hands and compare the readings to the answers on the charts. Good fun for $1.

☆ Without end in their variety are the problems excess flesh can raise. I know a Massachusetts lady whose little boy gets black eyes because she's overweight. He's her only child, born ten years ago, when she was forty-one and even then some pounds too plump. Now she's so big the neighborhood kids make fun of her—behind her back, of course; but her young son hears, feels gallantly obliged to fight. He and his mother are the best of friends. It breaks her heart when he says, "Gee whizz, ma, why don't you stay thin like the other fellows' mothers? I can't keep on socking those guys all the time." She tries, but she loves rich things to eat. At the table her little boy groans if she takes a second helping. Isn't that a mournful situation?

☆ This is one season of the year when dandelion greens are really tender enough for salads—which they usually aren't. Mixed as follows, a *Dandelion Fruit Salad* makes a satisfying diet luncheon, full of vitamins and spring flavors. . . . Pick over and wash thoroughly one bunch youngest dandelions, 1 head escarole. Stem and halve 1 cup ripe strawberries; pit and halve 1 cup ripe cherries. Blend greens together in bowl with salad oil, vinegar, salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon minced chives. Add halved berries and cherries. Top with cream-cheese balls sprinkled with paprika and a little chopped fresh mint. . . . Well worth the trouble for a partified lunch.

☆ Since it's May already, you'd better start talking now if the man in your life is more conservative about his hot-weather clothes than you think he ought to be. By July or August you might sell him the idea of wearing one of the new soft black straw hats with his summer-evening outfit. Has a white band, very smart. Why *shouldn't* men wear black straw hats, I'd like to know?

☆ Humorist Arthur "Bugs" Baer isn't the only gent of that nickname. Here's a true story about a friend of a friend of mine who started a riot in a night club through her habit of calling her husband "Bugs." Somehow they became separated. She stood up to look for him, saw him across the room, and cried, "Bugs, Bugs, Bugs!" Near-by supper parties misunderstood. "She sees bugs! Bugs in this place!" they exclaimed. There were horrified searchings, scratchings, squeals. In imagination every one saw bugs where no bugs were. The furious proprietor asked Mr. and Mrs. "Bugs" to leave and never come back.

"Daughter, Jack has just made me one of the happiest men on earth!"

THE SEA WOLF SAILS AGAIN

Lupino and Garfield in The Sea Wolf.

Jack London's hardy perennial tells its tale of terror for the fifth time on the screen

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★★★ THE SEA WOLF

THE PLAYERS: Edward G. Robinson, Ida Lupino, John Garfield, Alexander Knox, Gene Lockhart, Barry Fitzgerald, Stanley Ridges, David Bruce, Francis McDonald, Howard da Silva, Frank Lackteen. Screen play by Robert Rossen, based on the novel by Jack London. Directed by Michael Curtiz. Produced by Warner Brothers. Running time, 100 minutes.

JACK LONDON wrote The Sea Wolf in 1903. Since its first smash success as a novel, it has been done five times in films, the first by Hobart Bosworth back in 1913.

A strange, savage yarn it was, of two people riding in a Frisco ferryboat which collides in the drifting fog and sinks. These two are picked up by the Ghost, Wolf Larsen's hell ship. One of the survivors is an embittered girl fleeing prison and the police, the other is a sensitive young writer. The two find themselves virtual prisoners on the strange craft, headed out into the Pacific on a piratical seal-raiding expedition. Larsen is a cruel tyrant ruling his shanghaied crew of human dregs with brutal mercilessness.

All this was strong meat back at the dawn of the century, when it left lady readers quivering. It still is stark, raw—but theatric and none too interesting. We are casehardened now, I regret to report. Nor is Eddie Robinson, able actor as he is, wholly believable as the bully psychiatric exhibit, Wolf Larsen, done in the past by Bosworth, Noah Beery, Ralph Ince, and Milton Sills. This Wolf seems just a minor maniac in need of attention. A newcomer, Alexander Knox, is best of the cast as the shanghaied author. John Garfield does well as the sailor Leach, also wanted by the police. There is an excellent bit of a drunken ship doctor by Gene Lockhart, and Ida Lupino makes the trollop moderately poignant.

VITAL STATISTICS: An expensive production, this. One setting showed a main Barbary Coast street of Frisco, along with two side streets, some fifteen buildings. Another was a complete dance hall. Still another, the interior

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At that time I was and had been bothered a great deal with constipation, had to take medicine two and three times each week to get bowel action. Would try this and that but it was a constant thing; the more I would take, the more I had to take.

When the J.B.L. Cascade arrived I used it every night according to directions for one week, then, next week three times, the next week twice and I never had anything that relieved me in the way of constipation as this has done. Now I use it now and then when I get the least bit "bound up", maybe once or twice a month.

The above are the facts from my individual use and "try out"; no "ax to grind" whatever, only to thank you and give you my experience in the use of your J.B.L. Cascade that I have wanted to do for some time.

Sincerely,
IRA B. HOWELL, M.D., D.D.S.,
Box 294, Morristown, Tenn.

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of a ferryboat. But the most interesting was the mystery ship, the Ghost, built complete, 130 feet long, 32 feet wide amidships. Could be rocked and tossed by special mechanism. The rocking mechanics alone cost $38,000. . . . Alexander Knox, who plays Van Weyden, is an actor who has written several plays, none yet produced on Broadway, although one, Old Master, is being published in London.

★★ SCOTLAND YARD

THE PLAYERS: Nancy Kelly, Edmund Gwenn, John Loder, Henry Wilcoxon, Melville Cooper, Gilbert Emery, Norma Varden, Leyland Hodgson, Lionel Pape, Heather Thatcher, Leo Carroll, Frank Dawson, Eugene Borden, Edward Fielding, Robert De Bruce, Denis Green, Jimmy Aubrey, Yorke Sherwood, Lester Mathews, Doris Lloyd. Screen play by Samuel G. Engel and John Balderston, based on a play by Denison Clift. Directed by Norman Foster. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox. Running time, 67 minutes.

A MELODRAMA of bomb-torn, blacked-out London with a certain ingenuity. It's difficult to discover why this yarn of a robber who steals a face isn't more compelling. A suave gentleman bank robber, one Dakin Barrolles, is badly wounded fighting in France—in fact his whole face is torn away. In his uniform the surgeons find a stolen locket, assume from it that he is the head of a great London bank, Sir John Lasher, and rebuild his face accordingly. Barrolles, aided by his new face, sees an easy way to ply his bank-robbing trade—when, posing as Sir John, he meets his "wife," the lovely Lady Sandra.

John Loder does both Sir John and the reconstructed Barrolles, Nancy Kelly is Lady Sandra, but Edmund Gwenn furnishes the best work in the film as a plodding Scotland Yard inspector who never gives up.

Mildly interesting, with a newsreel slant on London under fire.

VITAL STATISTICS: John Loder served in the War to End Wars. Son of a British army officer, he went from Eton to Sandhurst, emerged a second lieutenant, saw service at Gallipoli, later was captured in France. . . . Only a few years ago Nancy Kelly was a voice double on the radio's March of Time. Then John Golden cast her to play Gertie Lawrence's daughter in his stage production of Susan and God. Next came films.

Short Review:

★ **MAN MADE MONSTER** (Universal). A sinister surgeon, played by Lionel Atwill, administers increasingly powerful electric charges to a carnival pitchman (Lon Chaney, Jr.) who has a strange immunity to electricity. The pitchman becomes a walking shell of enormous strength, a robot controlled by the doctor. A B shocker, far from exciting. (59 minutes.)

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Meet John Doe, Pépé Le Moko, Kitty Foyle, The Philadelphia Story, Escape, The Long Voyage Home, Arise, My Love.

★★★ ½—That Hamilton Woman! A Girl, a Guy and a Gob, Tobacco Road, Cheers for Miss Bishop, So Ends Our Night, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, This Thing Called Love, Comrade X, Chad Hanna, Fantasia, The Letter, The Great Dictator, The Thief of Bagdad, North West Mounted Police, The Westerner.

★★★ —That Night in Rio, I Wanted Wings, Road to Zanzibar, That Uncertain Feeling, Back Street, The Lady Eve, Come Live with Me, Hudson's Bay, Santa Fe Trail, High Sierra, Go West, Second Chorus, Arizona, Tin Pan Alley, Blackout, The Mark of Zorro, Night Train, They Knew What They Wanted, World in Flames, Knute Rockne—All American, Third Finger, Left Hand, Angels over Broadway, Christmas in July, Spring Parade, City for Conquest.

Yes, we have no Bonanzas

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

A lively lament for a fond memory: the matinee idol . . . What's happened to feminine hearts?

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

ANY one even casually interested in the theater must some time since have observed a peculiar fact. That peculiar fact is the absence from the stage of even so much as a single authentic specimen of the handsome bonanza who in past years titillated the fancies of the lady customers to such a degree that he earned for himself the title of matinee idol.

You remember the lovely bird. Now he was a Melbourne MacDowell, with the build of a lion and with a lion's mane of rippling locks, who impressed the girls as one who could simultaneously love them into a dizzy faint and bounce off the premises any half dozen impertinently intrusive low icemen. Now, a little later on, he was William Faversham—or Favvy, as the girls in daring self-intimacy liked to know him—a tall, erect, slim, fashionable, rich Burgundy-voiced beau who looked like a Laura Jean Libbey hero drawn by Henry Hutt, Howard Chandler Christy, and Henry Raleigh working in rapt collaboration. Now he was a James K. Hackett, in appearance a barber glorified even beyond the dreams of shopgirls by some celestial Ziegfeld; or a Richard Bennett and a Harry Woodruff with curly blond hair so ravishing it made the ladies cry into their matinee caramels; or a Robert Hilliard and a Vincent Serrano, the former ever as immaculately polished as a shoe belabored by an Italian bootblack, the latter dark, elegant, modish to the last quarter inch, and as Orientally mysterious, in the girls' imagination, as a Turkish punk-stick. And then—for the stage was full of such agitating fellows in those days—he might be any one from a Chauncey Olcott who on Thursday matinees converted the Irish maids and cooks in all the land into yearningly concupiscent eight-dollar-a-week Pompadours and Du Barrys to a John Drew who on the Wednesday and Saturday matinees inspired the maids' and cooks' mistresses to rush home at five-thirty and divorce their husbands instanter on grounds of unstarched collars, uncreased pants, and the comparative manners of Bowery bums.

What has happened to the American stage today? Why is there not visible anywhere on it one such Adonis to stimulate women into a mad gallop of box-office worship? Search as you may, you will be unable to discover a sole male figure in the tradition of a Henry Dixey who once palpitated the fair sex out of all reason and self-control, or of a William Courtenay whose merest pop of his popful orbs floored 'em as far back as Row Z, or of a Lou Tellegen who for some years got the girls from seventeen to seventy where they lived, or surely of a John Barrymore—Jack in those days—whose classic profile passionately wobbled even great-grandmothers.

It certainly cannot be that the male of the acting species in the aggregate has suddenly been deserted by a formerly beneficent God and has overnight become a gargoyle, hideous

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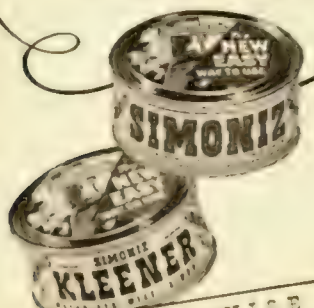

MOTORISTS WISE
SIMONIZ
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enough to frighten the girls into white hair. There are among the species at the moment several who, though hardly in the running with such lulus of yesteryear as James O'Neill, Kyrle Bellew (there was an enchanter!), Frederic De Belleville, Robert Downing, Hamilton Revelle, and James Carew, or for that matter Bruce McRae, Cyril Scott, Edgar Selwyn, Frank Worthing, and Charles Cherry, are surely not impossible eyesores, whatever one's view of the quality of their performances. But just the same there isn't one in the lot who can draw even ten dollars from the girls as a matinee idol.

Philip Merivale, for example, has some of the external attributes of the matinee magnets of other years, yet he apparently doesn't dent the ladies in the least. And it is the same with McKay Morris and John Halliday. Victor Mature and Leif Erikson, two younger boys who in another era might conceivably have upset the equilibrium of the female customers, today seem to have no more effect upon their exotic emotions than a couple of tomato-juice cocktails. Paul Muni and Burgess Meredith may appeal to the critics, but when it comes to the belles there is, aside from their performances, small appeal of an extra-dramatic nature. And Franchot Tone and John Garfield, when they show up on the stage, find what feminine autograph seekers are waiting for them in the alley are composed mainly of Hollywood devotees.

AND here we come to the first of several possible reasons for the decline and fall of the stage matinee idol. It isn't that some of the present approximately pretty fellows can't act. Some of the matinee divinities of the past couldn't act either, as witness Tellegen, Woodruff, and a number of others. It is, rather, that the matinee idol as an institution has been abandoned by the theater and has been given over to the screen. If Muni, Tone, Mature, and suchlike do not get far with the feminine theater crowd, they are nonetheless wows with the feminine picture crowd.

And for a second reason. The picture-going woman of today is a direct mental and emotional descendant of the theater-going woman of yesterday. She is a fan for attractive male personalities, irrespective of the quality of their vehicles, whereas the theater-going woman of the present time has grown up both mentally and emotionally to the point where the quality of vehicles and the quality of actors as actors supersede the mere physical allure of star hams. It is thus that a Maurice Evans, who certainly would not win any blue ribbons in beauty contests but who knows how to act and selects sound drama to act in, draws infinitely more women into a theater than any dozen much more aphrodisiacal mimes you can name.

Consider the leading actors in plays that have been successful this season, at the same time recalling the fact that women are even more instrumental than men in making the success of a play. (Musical shows are often another matter.) The leading actor in the humorous The Man Who Came to Dinner is Monty Woolley, whose lush whiskers would hardly excite any girl under sixty into abandoning her husband and running off with Monty to Atlantic City. On the road, where the play has also been successful, the role has been played by Alexander Woollcott and Clifton Webb, neither of whom are of a pulchritude to give Tyrone Power or Clark Gable any tortured concern. The New York leading man of Life with Father is Howard Lindsay, the Middle-Western is Percy Waram, and the Eastern road company's is Louis Calhern. Surely both the first and second are considerably removed from the matinee idol type, and while Calhern is on the prettier side it remains that he had not drawn women into a theater until he got a job in his present sure-fire play.

CERTAINLY no one will argue that Boris Karloff is the girls' dream prince, yet he is helping to pack them in in Arsenic and Old Lace. Diminutive Ernest Truex is scarcely a lady-killer, yet the women have delighted in him in George Washington Slept Here. No woman felt her heart jump over the personable Richard Waring when he was playing in Eva Le Gallienne's company, in At the Stroke of Eight, in Come Across, or in The Man Who Shot Lincoln; it took a vehicle like The Corn Is Green to make him interest them in the least. And the success of My Sister Eileen is hardly predicated on the dazzle and sex appeal of Morris Carnovsky or any other male in the company.

Alfred Lunt assuredly does not draw women into a theater on the score of his looks or animal magnetism, nor does Eddie Dowling; yet both have been enormously successful in, respectively, There Shall Be No Night and The Time of Your Life. Jose Ferrer looks something like me, which is surely nothing to set a house on fire, yet he has delighted the honeys with his antics in Charley's Aunt. And so it goes with the rest.

On the other hand, consider the younger and more or less divine movie boys who in the last few seasons have tried their luck in this new theater and failed to get anywhere with the girls in the audience. Fredric March was a dismal flop until he made himself up as an old man in The American Way, and even then he didn't get far except with the critics. Paul Muni was a failure, save for the critics, in Key Largo; Lyle Talbot in Separate Rooms was popular only with the cut-rate-ticket girls whose taste is strictly Hollywood; and Lee Tracy in Every Man For Himself was forced through lack of audiences to shut up shop after a few days.

Go on. John Garfield in Heavenly Express, Douglass Montgomery in

They Knew What They Wanted, Russell Hardie in Sea Dogs, Richard Ainley in Foreigners, Edmond O'Brien in Leave Her to Heaven, and even Laurence Olivier, that peacherino, as Romeo all were shunted off the boards almost overnight. Beautiful Glen Langan went pronto to the storehouse in the case of Glamour Preferred, and likewise beautiful Donald Woods in Quiet Please. The somewhat older Ralph Morgan was a dreadful bust in Fledgling: Ralph Holmes got not a feminine flicker in Where Do We Go from Here? and John Beal has failed to attract the slightest attention in plays from Soliloquy, which lasted just two performances, to Liberty Jones, which ran a couple of weeks to no business and then had to fold. And it has been much the same with such beauties as Francis Lederer, who got by in No Time for Comedy only on the score of the box-office pull of Katharine Cornell; Henry Fonda in Blow Ye Winds, which managed only thirty-six performances and to barely enough customers to fill a third of the house; Alexander Kirkland in several appearances; Derrick de Marney in Young Mr. Disraeli; Sidney Blackmer in Stop Over; Charles Bickford in Casey Jones; Frank Lawton in I Am My Youth (the girls wouldn't take him on even in the role of Percy Bysshe Shelley); and Vincent Price, when deserted by Helen Hayes, in The Lady Has a Heart, Heartbreak House, etc.

WELL, what's behind all this terrible state of affairs, and what is the second reason behind the first reason? With my customary sapience, I'll tell you. The male matinee idol has been succeeded by the female matinee idol. The girls who once swooned over actors are now doing their swooning over actresses. If you don't believe it, just sweep an eye over the current scene.

Sweeping that eye, you will discover that Gertrude Lawrence is presently herding in the matinee girls the way John Drew used to, and that Ethel Barrymore has taken in their matinee affections the place long ago occupied by one of the other gala males. You will see women crowding the matinees to applaud Katharine Cornell and Helen Hayes and Tallulah Bankhead and Katharine Hepburn and Lynn Fontanne as they in the past crowded them to bask in the effulgence of the he magnificoes herein previously mentioned. And you will behold them at the stage doors after the performances, their eyes aglisten with excitement, just the way they once lingered there for a glance at their masculine deities.

In the case of the musical show, it is no longer a Donald Brian or a Jack Buchanan who fetches the ladies; it is Ethel Merman and even Ethel Waters. And so far as the contemporary approximate male nonesuchs go, it isn't a Dennis King but a Beatrice Lillie.

THE END

"HEADS UP!"

Give 'em room—they're moving! Cranemen swinging their giant loads of tank frames and turbine castings . . . operators of massive presses thumping out parts for guns and motors . . . workmen lit by the flare of electric welding—moving to the quick beat of the punch press, to the rumble of the conveyor, to the whine of the whirling lathe. Things are rolling today in America's factories.

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The General Didn't Know

The author, daughter of the late Richard Harding Davis, war correspondent and author, and Bessie McCoy Davis, has spent most of her life in France. Married to a French citizen, she lived at St. Jean de Luz until the Germans seized her home. She is now in Florida.

Liberty's True Short Short

BY HOPE HARDING DAVIS

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

WHEN I was five years old, my mother, Bessie McCoy Davis, took me to the White House to meet President Harding. When we started out, I was more impressed by my new white dress and blue sash than by the fact that the President would shake my hand; but when we arrived at the White House, and were ushered into a drawing room where we were to wait, I began to feel very awed and stayed close to mother.

Mother sat down, and I stared at the people. Many, several of them men in military dress, kept coming up, speaking to mother and going away again, but I didn't pay much attention to this, as I was wondering which man was the President.

Soon mother called to me and said: "Hope, do you see that man in uniform standing over there by the fireplace?" She pointed out the one she meant. "Go over to him and tell him your name—he knew your father—and ask him if he would be so kind as to give you a picture of himself. He is General Pershing."

I didn't know that mother had planned this with the general a few minutes before and that they were both watching to see what I would do. I was shy; I hung back for a minute. But mother gave me a gentle push, so I crossed the blue carpet and confronted the man in uniform. He loomed over me from a great height and I saw that he was frowning. I didn't know that he was really laughing inside and I got very frightened and confused. I took a deep breath and said in a loud voice:

"How do you do, General Pershing? My name is Hope Harding Davis and would you like a picture of *me?*"

There was a sudden dead silence. Every one was staring at me. I blushed hotly as I realized what I had done and for one awful minute I thought that I would cry. The general looked down at me, and though his eyes twinkled, he was a most understanding person, for he did not smile. He said gravely:

"Why, yes, Hope, I'd *like* a picture of you. And if you sent me one, how would you like it if I sent *you* a picture of *me?* Like that we'd both have pictures!"

My, that was nice of him! I gulped, "Yes. Oh! Thank you—that's what I *meant!*" and ran back to mother. About a week later I received a beautifully framed photograph, and on it was inscribed: "To little Miss Hope Harding Davis, with best wishes from John J. Pershing."

TEN years later, mother and I met General Pershing in Paris at the French Colonial Exposition.

"General, this is my daughter, Hope," said my mother.

And the general looked at me and his incredible memory flashed back to the scene at the White House, and he said:

"But you never sent me *yours!*" And it was true, I hadn't.

TEN years after that, last June, a man in uniform, wearing the stripes of a major and a heavy loaded pistol, stood in my living room. He had green slits for eyes and very thin lips, and he hated the ground I walked on. Embroidered on his breast was a swastika. He was a Prussian officer and a Nazi, and I—I was the enemy. France was beaten, broken, and in half the land men in field-gray uniforms ruled. The day before the major had commandeered rooms in my house for himself and his lieutenant, and in the meadow below the house they had planted a gun which pointed toward the sea.

He despised me, for was I not a woman alone and married to a Frenchman, a member of a hopelessly degraded race, a degenerate, despicable nation, and therefore unfit even for the respect due a military adversary? In his eyes, as he talked to me, I could read cold bitter contempt.

Suddenly I saw him stiffen. He walked over to a bookcase on which were two photographs. One was of my father, Richard Harding Davis. He was in uniform—a war correspondent's uniform—and he was wearing his decorations. The other was the portrait of General Pershing. The German officer peered at the pictures intently. And then he looked at me hesitantly. I could see a new respect dawn in his eyes.

"You have many soldiers in your family?"

Without hesitation I lifted my head proudly, defiantly—was not my husband wearing the uniform of the French poilu, and though a black-and-red swastika floated above the land, did I not hear a beat of eagle's wings in the stillness of my living room? I said, "Yes."

And may General Pershing forgive me for adopting him so suddenly into the Davis family. It was in a good cause. I pointed: "That one is my father, and the other is—"

"General Pershing—I know," he said. He picked up the picture and stared at it for a long time. Then he put it down, slowly, and turned toward me, and I could see that his manner had changed. He bowed low and clicked his heels, and henceforth he was to treat me with the utmost courtesy—though in the end he took the whole house and I had to leave—but that is another story. And when his field-gray shadow had left the room, I looked across at the portrait of General Pershing, and his eyes were twinkling as they had done that day in the White House, and I half raised my hand in a little salute. Though he did not know it—he had won another battle.

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1941; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

This MAN'S ARMY

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

This department of Liberty is for the armed forces of the United States: the men in training, the men of the Regular Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps, and the Coast Guard—also their kinsfolk and friends. The identity of writers will be held in strict confidence, of course, though full signatures are preferred.

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 32 SECONDS

THIS Army is pretty tough medicine; it's the kind of medicine that I would not choose to take; but take it we do, because we know that the doctor knows best. I got into the Army because I thought it was my duty to get in. Knowing all that I do know now, I would volunteer all over again. I find when I read history that the best soldier is the one who performs from a sense of duty, not by a display of patriotic enthusiasm. And I think that is being borne out in this "war."

To me there is something tough, realistic, and true about this attitude. There is nothing glorious about being shut up in camp, but we can take it without the glory. We'd all rather be civilians, but we are in the Army for anything that comes. Incidentally, I've learned that the finest moment in a soldier's life is when he receives a letter from home; and the next finest moment is when he receives a letter—any letter.

Private F. H. N.,
Camp Bowie, Texas.

You said a lot in a few words, soldier, and your letter speaks for itself.

This is a growl from a sailor. Contrary to what most people think, we have to *buy* all our clothing, with the exception of an initial allowance. An enlisted man in the Army gets his free as long as he's in service. Why don't we?

Fourteen-Year Navy Man,
Miami, Fla.

The Navy says, "The system of furnishing the enlisted men with an outfit of clothing on enlistment and requiring them to pay for replacements from their own funds has grown up through the years." That's the official answer, and all I can add to it is that it seems to be one of those things.

We're not listed at the top of your page, but the R. O. T. C. units are, in a sense, a part of This Man's Army and we like to think that the Army is proud of us. We are trying to prepare ourselves in a way that will make us of real service to our country if and when we are needed.

Cadet Private D. R. C.,
North Georgia College,
Dahlonega, Ga.

Sorry I can't include the R. O. T. C., but my limited space won't allow me to cover any more territory than I'm doing now. I can assure you the Army *is* proud of you and you're doing your bit where you are. Keep at it.

Up to date I have never seen anything in your page by a leatherneck, so here goes. **[Wrong . . . I printed a leatherneck's letter in February 8 Liberty.]** A letter from some private gripes about the uniform he has to wear. He should realize that clothes don't make the man, nor does a uniform make a soldier. **[No, but it helps a —— of a lot.]** He thought that the Army should furnish dress blues like we in the Marine Corps get. The best suit of blues in the Q. M. storeroom won't make a raw "boot" look or act like a marine. That takes training, and plenty of it.

A man has to be proud of the uniform he wears before he will look good in it. Another letter was from a lad who was beefing because the local girls would not give him a date. Well, if some of the soldiers here at Fort Jackson are a sample of the new Army, I can't blame the girls. If they would clean up and shine up a little, keep their hands and bulging packages out of their pockets, put their caps on straight, and button their blouses, I am sure that the local ladies would be glad to step out with them.

Sergeant, U. S. M. C.,
Columbia, S. C.

It sounds as though *you* had done all right, sergeant, and your "voice of experience" is O. K., but give the lads time and remember that the M. C. is your profession and the Army isn't theirs.

I was thirty-five years old when I registered but now I am thirty-six and I haven't yet been called. Does that mean that I am regarded as over age and won't have to serve my year? Can I still volunteer if I want to?

L. M. D., St. Paul, Minn.

The official ruling is that a registrant who became thirty-six *after* registration day is still subject to classification, selection, and induction, but may *not* volunteer.

It seems to me that there is a strong possibility of Communists and other enemies of our democracy trying to cause discontent and dissension among our new soldiers. Even several years ago, when I was first a member of the National Guard, there used to be Communistic literature distributed among the men at summer encampment. We tried to track down the guilty ones but never got to first base. I wonder how much of that is going on now and what is being done about it?

Sergeant L. E. D.,
Fort Benning, Ga.

I understand that little subversive activity in the camps has been reported as yet, but it is sure to come. The Reds are too smart to overlook such a golden opportunity. It's going to be a hard thing to lick because it won't be fought out in the open. Every man should stamp on it as soon as it appears and need have no hesitancy in reporting any evidence to his C. O. That's not tattling; it's fighting a snake in the only way it can be fought.

"The rank, young man, is *General!*"

"The sergeant major entered with two friends," reads a news item. What we want to know is, where did any sergeant major ever get two friends?

Hickam Highlights,
Hickam Field, Oahu, T. H.

"You want the truth, I take it?" he asked.

"Of course," Bruce Carlin said. Hadn't he always had the truth?

"It's your heart. You should have done something about it before. More rest, for one thing."

"It's serious, then?"

"It is. If you didn't know, you'd be likely to go ahead, lead too active a life and—poof!—go off like that. With proper care you may last a year or so. It's coronary thrombosis. We don't know what it will do. But we do know you've got to do your share if you want to live in comparative comfort for a while."

There it was. A year to live if he took care of himself! If he went to bed early, things like that. And he was a successful actor! Why, he was just beginning to live! Was he just beginning? Jessica Martin had been dead a long time. Oh, well!

"I understand," he said. "I shall try to follow any instructions you'll give me." His words were crisp, clipped. He was following the best traditions of the parts he played. Thus would a king emperor accept a death sentence.

It altered his life. He rested as much as he could on the set. He went to bed early. It was still pleasant, seeing his friends, reading, working. But through it all ran the gray shadow of Fear—and the quicksilver thread that had been Jessica.

That had been in January, when the rains were still over Hollywood. Gray days that kept you from being cheerful, even if nothing else was wrong. Carlin got through them somehow. When spring came he was more like himself, able to take pleasure in small things. Remembering always what his doctor had told him. And still King Emperor.

It was then he met Ellen Arnold. He had asked an acquaintance named Judson McCall, who was playing in one of the small theater stock companies, to drop in for a cocktail—and McCall brought her along.

She was a thin girl, almost gaunt, and the shadows under her eyes were almost violet, though she was very young. She hadn't been in Hollywood long and she had come, as so many girls come, because she thought she could get a chance in the movies. Carlin gave her a glance, dismissed her. And then looked again.

Her face was colorless and the shadows under her eyes didn't help a great deal. Her hair was colorless as her face and crimped too much—a job without benefit of hairdresser. Her clothes were cheap.

But when he looked a second time, he noticed that her features were excellent. Reminiscent of some one. Jessica Martin? Nonsense! He couldn't let a little drab colorless girl remind him of Jessica.

He made up his mind to talk to her, but he didn't get around to it. Being an excellent host, he had to see that every one was taken care of. The girl was unimportant.

She sank out of sight, practically invisible.

When she told him goodby, he remembered he wanted to talk to her.

"I'm going away next week-end," he said, "but the one after that I'd like to have you here again. Do you think you could remember, if I asked you this far ahead, to drop in on Sunday?"

"Sure," said the girl, "I'll remember."

She seemed neither enthusiastic nor shy. Just gauche. And terribly uninteresting. He was vaguely sorry he had asked her.

He had almost forgotten her when she arrived. She had a rough-looking young man with her.

"I brought my boy friend," she said.

"I'm very glad you did." Carlin's manner was suave. The boy friend, whose name was Frank Farring, glared suspiciously. Carlin reconstructed the whole scene: The girl had reported the invitation. "He wants you there for no good purpose," the boy had undoubtedly said. And to refute Carlin's evil intentions, she had had to bring him along.

The two sat together, and Carlin's most skillful mixing brought no response. They were hopeless!

"I'm surprised to see my little refugee friend here," Judson McCall said. "I hope she didn't crash."

"I asked her to come," Carlin said. "And she came—complete with boy friend."

"They're very much in love," said McCall.

"You know her well?"

"She was in stock a couple of weeks with me. She'd been playing in Poland or one of those countries. The first chance she had she came to Hollywood. You know—delusions of grandeur. They think they'll have no trouble achieving stardom. And they resent other people getting ahead."

"Her boy friend evidently resents my old-men roles!" Carlin made a wry face. "A sour lad!"

"He's some sort of radical. Wants to be a director—and he's told every director in Hollywood what's wrong with him. That hasn't helped a great deal. The girl isn't like that. She's shy and a bit bewildered."

"Looks more stolid than bewildered."

"That's an air they get. She's been through a lot. Lost all of her people, I believe."

"Poor kid!"

"A nice little thing. Talk to her if you get a chance."

"That's why I asked her," Carlin said. "If I can pry the boy friend away."

HE couldn't pry the boy friend away. He tried talking to both of them. The girl spoke politely in monosyllables. The boy was definitely on the defensive.

Oh, to hell with them! thought Carlin. And saw to it that they had plenty to eat and drink.

Two days later, as he was leaving the studio, he saw the girl. She was alone and seemed wistful and very thin and disheveled.

"May I give you a lift?" Carlin asked.

"I'd love it," she said in her rather hoarse voice with its peculiar accent. Her face lit up, and then, as if ashamed to show emotion, she pulled over it a veil of indifference.

Carlin tried to draw her out. Her observations were trite, usual. Yes, she hoped she'd get a job. Yes, she liked Hollywood. Yes, she had acted before. Yes, it was too bad, what was happening on the other side. And that was that! He dropped her on the corner she designated. Well, he wouldn't have to see her again!

A couple of months passed. Busy months, with the thread of Fear and the thread of the color of Jessica running through them. And Judson McCall telephoned.

"Remember our little refugee friend?" he began.

"You mean *your* friend. She and I didn't hit it off very well."

"Oh, she liked you a lot. Greatly

THE AUTHOR

Thyra Samter Winslow was born in Fort Smith, Arkansas, graduated from the University of Missouri, studied at Columbia University and the Cincinnati Art Academy. She was on the stage for a time, then, in 1912, began writing fiction and articles. She has written for the movies and theater. She lives in New York City.

impressed. That's why I'm calling."

"She wants something? What can I do for the young lady?"

"Maybe there isn't anything—but I didn't think there'd be any harm in asking. The poor kid is up against it."

"Of course I'll help. A check, you mean?" Carlin was used to that. It was part of being a successful actor.

"It's more serious than that. She's here as a visitor. Her time is up and she's already had a six months' extension. She has to go at once."

"That's too bad."

"It is, in her case. She hasn't anything—"

IT'S a tough break. Can't she do something about it?"

"Yes. That's just it. She can leave the country—come back on the quota. It's crowded. And that takes time and money. But if she marries an American citizen, he can file a form—Form 633 it's called—and as his wife she'll be given preference. She can leave—go to Mexico or Cuba, say, apply for a visa, come right back, as likely as not—and never have any more trouble. Later on, she gets her citizen papers, and there she is."

"And I'm to be the godfather who gives her a dowry so she can marry that oafish young man, I suppose."

"It isn't as simple as that. Money alone probably would do in her case. But marriage would be better. But her young man has a mother and some brothers to help out. And he's full of radical ideas—doesn't want to get married."

"She's out of luck. What am I supposed to do?"

"You seemed some one who would know a way out," McCall said. "I hate to see her get shipped back. Money. And a young man—"

Carlin remembered the marriage Jessica had made, and shuddered. Surely McCall hadn't thought of that!

"I can't suggest anything that would help," he said, suddenly formal. "So sorry I can't be of assistance."

Carlin tried to put McCall and the girl out of his mind. What did he have to do with a wisp of a refugee?

He couldn't get her out of his mind. What if he were being shipped back to a country he'd been able to get away from? But that couldn't happen to him. He had things pretty much the way he wanted them. But did he? What did he have? Comfort. Friends. He'd worked hard for these last few months of comfort and security. If the end came—well, he'd had a certain amount of happiness.

But this poor kid. No chance at all. And that odd resemblance to Jessica. Jessica—all flame and beauty. And this girl—drab and unsure of herself. But the resemblance was there—in that clear-cut profile—in the way she held her head. Nothing like Jessica. Of course not. It was unfair to the memory of Jessica. And yet—

The thought of the girl stayed with him. What had he ever done for any one? Nothing. A check here and there—which he'd never even missed. Advice—that he'd enjoyed giving. Hospitality that kept him from being lonely. He hadn't actually done anything for any one, ever. But this was too much.

How silly even to think of it! He'd have the girl around his neck. A girl in love with another man! And he'd marry her, be saddled with her, to keep her from being deported. He, Bruce Carlin—the King Emperor!

It was foolish. It was ridiculous. Insane! The press, not knowing the truth, would say he was doing it to regain his lost youth, to get publicity—anything but the truth. The truth would be just as ridiculous. Take hold of yourself, Bruce Carlin! You're slipping! he told himself.

It was too late! He had slipped already.

He was doing it because it was an unselfish deed. His first unselfish deed, he told himself. But even further back in his mind was the thought that maybe this colorless pitiful kid could dispel some of the loneliness that he admitted to no one—hardly to himself.

If he did marry her—it would be something happening. An exciting break in his routine. The girl—oh, she'd be well off. Safe here in America and no fear of being shipped off any place. And his money, his home as her background, and as her permanent possessions when he passed on. As his wife she could get a job in the movies. Make a name for herself. He was too old for her. But he wouldn't be around very long.

He telephoned to Judson McCall.

"About our little refugee—you haven't found a solution?"

"No, and the time's about up! The poor kid!"

"I've got an idea," he said. And told his idea.

THEY were married very quietly. Carlin couldn't even take time off for a honeymoon—if there had been any place he wanted to go.

When he was working on a picture he went to bed early. He was forced to get up early, for he was playing a Chinese king of a past generation, which meant elaborate make-up.

He saw very little of his bride. He knew, vaguely, that she went to Mexico, as his lawyer had arranged; came in on the quota as his wife; was around. There were a lot of stories about the marriage, and photographs showing them together in front of the fireplace, and by the pool.

"Look happy!" he commanded her. And she smiled obediently. How pretty she was! Not like Jessica. But, if you brought her out—

When the picture was finished he went away alone for a week's rest. He figured that the girl would have her terrible boy friend in while he was gone. Why not? He hadn't told her she couldn't see the boy, and they were in love.

He had more time for her when he got back. And he saw that she was trying, in her way, to be nice. Too much of an effort, really. She knew about his heart—but you can overdo attentions.

"I'm not your old grandfather," he said. "Don't hang over me! I don't need a rug, or tea on the hour."

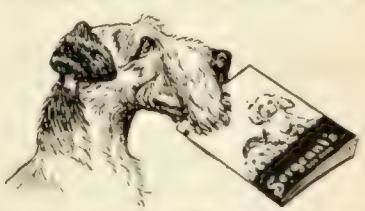
"I'm sorry," she said. He thought her lip trembled. Maybe he just imagined it. After all, he'd been pretty swell to her. He was a bit puffed up over his good deed.

It was during these days at home that he decided to do her over. She needed new clothes. She needed to have things done to her hair. She needed everything. It might be fun. Would help her, too. Bring her out of her shell—if there was anything to bring out.

He got Tillman Brown for make-up. Brown had done such a wonderful job with Jessica—though there'd been little enough to do—just to tone down a make-up that was too brilliant for acceptance even in a place where the spectacular is at a premium.

Brown had a harder time with Ellen. Basically, her features were good, though the lack of nourishing food had made her too thin. She was

I'LL LICK MY WEIGHT IN WILDCATS — but not worms! They hit below the belt — and almost finished me. But my Boss got Sergeant's SURE SHOT CAPSULES—and we K.O.'d those worms!



"IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE AGAIN," promises the Boss. "With the Sergeant's DOG BOOK for advice on symptoms—and SURE SHOT to clean out worms, you'll be a picture of health!"

NO DOG CAN BEAT WORMS BY HIMSELF! Keep SURE SHOT or PUPPY CAPSULES handy for your dogs. Get them at drug or pet stores — and the new *free* Sergeant's DOG BOOK.

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beginning to fill out, though, and angles were turning into curves. Brown pointed up her best features. Her hair was turned into a semblance of Jessica's molasses-colored locks.

Howard Neeves made her costumes. She lacked Jessica's perfection of figure, but her bones were good. Neeves hadn't been told to make Ellen Arnold look like Jessica Martin, any more than Brown had been told. They sensed what was wanted—and while they didn't turn Ellen into an imitation of Jessica, they took a colorless girl you'd never glance at a second time and made a striking creation. You'd turn for a second glance now! You might or might not say, "That girl looks like Jessica Martin, doesn't she!" But you'd notice her.

Bruce Carlin was having a good time! A few of his friends thought he was being foolish over his pretty young bride. Others were a bit tearful over the resemblance. Carlin living in the past, poor old chap! Carlin didn't care what they thought. He'd read about men who made girls over and it had never especially interested him. Now he found it absorbing.

Not only outwardly did Carlin change Ellen. It went much deeper than that. First he saw to it that she took all of the courses that budding stars usually take. A famous old actress gave her lessons in diction. She got rid of part of her accent, and what remained had definite charm. She took lessons in fencing and in dancing in order to gain grace of movement. She took quick courses in academic essentials, and Carlin found, to his surprise, that she was well read and decidedly intelligent. Not one of these up-from-the-gutter girls. Fundamentally she was wiser than Jessica had ever been—though he hated to admit that, even to himself.

Why, it was fun talking to Ellen! She had an odd sense of humor, not given to loud laughter or obvious jokes, but keen. She knew a lot about food—and food was important to Bruce Carlin. And she was discriminating when it came to people. She had been shy, and resentful of the fact that she wasn't getting ahead. A bad case of inferiority complex. That was taken away—and she was a nice child, still naïve, but decidedly worth while.

This was better than he deserved! Much better! He'd taken a pig in a poke—and he'd got a good companion.

THEY had good times together. Most of Carlin's friends liked Ellen. The little dinners were a bit livelier than they had been. The well dressed and charming hostess stepped them up. The Sunday cocktail parties were decidedly more popular.

Carlin was feeling better. So much better, it worried him. Did this mean a sort of last warning, a freedom from pain just before the end? For suddenly he knew he didn't want to die at all.

He went to see his doctor, who, as before, thumped him gravely.

"Well, you've done it," he said.

"Done what?" Carlin's heart skipped a beat.

"Fooled us all. Give a man a strong enough warning and he's likely to do just that."

"You mean—I'm going to live?"

"Looks that way. Six months ago I wouldn't have given a dull quarter for your chances. Then I heard you'd got married. To a young girl. 'The fool!' I said to myself. I thought that meant that you were making a last effort to have a good time. But somehow you've come through."

"I've been pretty careful," said Carlin. "And I've been happy."

"You can't tell about hearts. But now you've got a good chance. For years to come."

Carlin went home, head in the clouds. And then he started to think it over.

It wasn't fair to Ellen! Why, Ellen had just got her first chance in the movies. She'd made a successful test. She was young and lovely. He'd married her with the understanding that he'd die—and leave her his fortune. And here he wasn't going to die at all! Ellen was in love with a younger man. And she'd been decent about him. As far as Carlin knew, she wasn't even seeing him. And yet undoubtedly they were both waiting. And now, in a way, Carlin was playing a trick on them.

There was only one thing to do: To play fair—to let Ellen go.

FOR three days he tried to tell her. But they were having such a good time he hated to break into the rhythm of it. Days, they were both busy at the studio. They got home, put on swimming things. Went out to the pool. Guests dropped in. They had late suppers. Talked or went for a drive in the hills. Simple. Not at all the kind of life you think people lead in Hollywood. Undoubtedly not the kind Ellen wanted to lead. Of course she wanted her own friends, gaiety, the boy she was in love with.

The week-end was especially delightful to Carlin. A luncheon at the West Side Tennis Club and folks coming to their table. A drive home. People coming in—

And it was Sunday night and they were alone.

"I've something to tell you," Carlin said.

"Did some one say something wonderful about me?"

"No one said anything about you at all."

"The old meanies! Such beautiful things they could have said!"

"This is serious, Ellen."

"Oh, dear! I've done something wrong!"

"You've done nothing."

"What, then?"

"Well, the truth is, I'm better, Ellen."

"Better!"

He tried to interpret the feeling behind her exclamation.

"Yes. Silly, isn't it? It seems I'm not going to die so quickly, after all." Very nonchalant. The King Emperor.

"I see." Ellen was very quiet.

"So I married you under false pretenses. I promised you I'd die very quickly. Remember? So it isn't fair to hold you to any promise of—well, of loyalty. You can go away, get a divorce quietly. There can be a lot of causes—my age, incompatibility. You can say I beat you, if you have to. And you get a property settlement in California, you know."

"Yes, I know." So! She'd looked into it!

"Then, if you like, you can marry again. You won't be so badly off. Not any worse than if I'd died, really. A little less money. And you're still young, you know."

"I'm still young," Ellen said.

She was in one of her quiet moods. He didn't know what to say. He had quiet moods himself. Well, he'd done what he had to do.

He didn't see her the next morning—but he seldom saw her at breakfast.

That night he was told, "Mrs. Carlin is out to dinner." That wasn't usual. But things weren't usual. He ate a miserable and lonely meal.

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Would he have to go through that again? Another period of being by himself, of reaching out, in vain, for some one who cared something about him? Hadn't Ellen cared at all? Had it all been acting? Gratitude because he had married her?

After dinner he telephoned to several of his friends. No one was free. The beginning! Days stretched out—lonely days. He couldn't go through it again—

At the studio the next day he buried himself in his work. He talked with people on the lot. The picture was nearly finished and the schedule was short. The director apologized and asked Carlin to stay on. Carlin had never welcomed work more.

He ate dinner with two men at the Commissary. The food was none too good. At least, he wasn't alone.

Afterward he sat for half an hour waiting for a five minutes' "take" while the electricians worked with the lights. The director fumed. Well, it was killing time! But you can't work every night. Those nights ahead! What would he do then?

IT was midnight before he got home. Quietly he went up to his room. There was a light under Ellen's door. Well, if she wanted to see him she had undoubtedly heard him come in. She'd come to his room.

He waited. She didn't knock at his door. He undressed finally, took a shower, slipped into pongee pajamas. She didn't knock!

He put on his dressing gown. Knocked on her door.

She was sitting on the edge of the bed. Her luggage was all over the room. Drawers were open. Bright silks were on the chairs and the floor and the bed.

"It's a mess, isn't it?" Ellen said.

"Any change is difficult."

"I'm beginning to find that out."

"You have everything you want?" he asked.

"Oh, everything," she nodded.

"You haven't been miserable here, all this time?"

"Oh, no!" She started to cry. Carlin, as do most men, hated tears.

"Then don't be miserable now, please. I'm sorry the experiment was a failure. It seemed the best thing to do at the time."

"Yes, it seemed the best thing."

"And now you're free."

"Yes, I'm free!" She laughed a bit hysterically.

"Isn't that what you wanted?"

"What I wanted? Freedom? What am I going to do with it?"

"After your divorce you can marry Farring. You'll have money. You're young, and beginning to succeed."

"Marry Frank Farring!"

"Why, yes. Aren't you and he—"

"That's the funniest thing I ever heard. I haven't seen him in ages. I thought you knew."

"How could I know?" he asked.

"Why, I was married to you!"

"But you loved him."

"Oh, one time. When he wouldn't marry me I found out the sort of person he was. But after I married you—"

"I was wonderful, I suppose."

"Of course."

"Then why are you going away?"

"You told me to go."

"When I knew I wasn't going to die, it didn't seem fair to you—"

"You mean that was the reason?"

"Of course. What else?"

"It wasn't because you tried to make me over—and I couldn't be made over the way you wanted me to be?"

"Couldn't you be? I hadn't noticed."

She came over to him, held out her hands.

"I tried. I tried to be the girl every one said you wanted me to be. Gay and sparkling. But I'm different. Things happened to me—before I ever met you. I'm sort of quiet. And numb, inside. I can't say things. I thought you were disappointed because I didn't turn out right."

"You turned out exactly right. But it didn't seem fair to hold you—under false pretenses. I'm old, and you're young."

"But—don't you see?—I'm older than you are. Really, I mean. Years and years older. You can't know what we've been through—we who have faced things on the other side. I came to America as a haven. I'd been acting—and not too well—in Europe. And then— But I can't go over again what happened. Then I got here. Everything was beautiful—and free. And California was green and friendly. It was wonderful, just watching people talking happily. And little pleasant things going on. Then I—"

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"Go on. Then you fell in love."

"Well, yes. With Frank. He had ideas I could understand. He wasn't too—too elegant and smooth. He was halfway between the things I had known—and the way things seemed here. Then I met you."

"And that was love at first sight!"

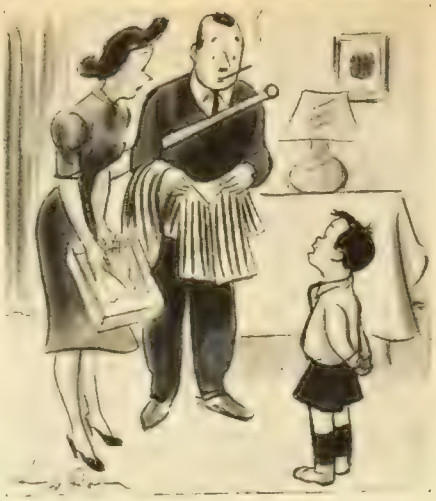
"Don't laugh at me. It wasn't love at all. It was another part of this new world. A beautiful, gracious part. I came to the parties here—and I was numb. I brought Frank that second time. Remember? I wanted him to see how lovely life could be. But he didn't see. He thinks every one should have everything—without working—without giving. I began to chafe at the ideas he tried to hold me with. Then—"

"I took over."

"No. Frank went out! I thought I'd have to go back. And he wouldn't save me. It wasn't just marriage. It was saving me from everything horrible and frightening I'd ever known. I knew I couldn't go back. And then your offer came. I thought it was a joke at first. I didn't care. Even if you had poked fun at me—experimented with me—everything would have been better than going back—or just ending things.

"And you were kind. And wonderful. And it seemed to me that, inside, you were lonely too, and frightened. Missing the girl who had died. So I tried to be like her. To make up to you for her, in a small part. Tried to please you. But I couldn't."

IMPOSSIBLE ICHABOD



"Why, dad, you shouldn't have gone to the expense of a uniform. I can play baseball in any old thing!"

She started to cry again, very softly.

"So I'll go. But now I can stay in America. I'll have a chance. And knowing you are well makes me happier than anything in the world."

"You mean you really care about that?"

"Care! Oh, my dear! Don't you know?"

"Then you'll stay on here?"

"Stay on? The way I am? Not glamorous and wonderful and gay?"

"To tell the truth," said Carlin, "I'm afraid I didn't notice that you weren't. Some place in that making-over process I got pretty pleased with you just the way you are. You're more restful. Better company. I'm not one for night clubs, you know, and big parties—that sort of thing. Or intrigue, even. Just the way you are suits me pretty well."

"Oh, Bruce, I can't believe it! I—"

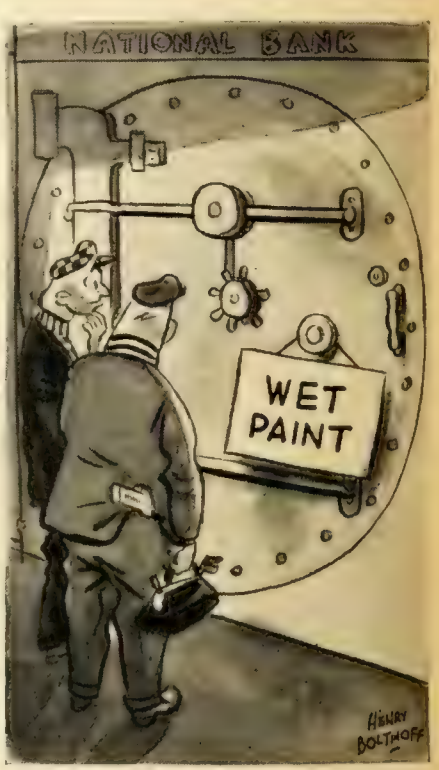
"Look here!" He took hold of her shoulders, looked at her. "I think you're just about perfect. I was just afraid that—well, that you wanted to go. It's a bit unusual, but if Miss Ellen Arnold will consent to be and stay the wife of Bruce Carlin—"

"Miss Ellen Arnold accepts with pleasure," she said. And started crying again. "And I've got my mascara rubbed off. And I'm hungry."

"I'm hungry, too. What about driving out to that little steak place at Santa Monica?"

"You're wonderful! We ought to celebrate. I never felt so much engaged and married and excited and settled all at the same time in my whole life."

"I'm choosing that restaurant deliberately," said Carlin. "It's one place that won't be full of people we know, all saying, 'There is that old man married to that lovely young girl.'"



"Or," said Ellen, "'There's that girl who picked off that wonderful Bruce Carlin. What in the world has she got?'"

"You see!" said Carlin. "At heart we're just a couple of conceited Hollywood actors. Maybe it's a good idea we are willing to put up with each other." He straightened his shoulders. Again he was the King Emperor.

THE END

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HISTORY OF OUR FLAG Quiz

EVERY patriotic American should know the history of our national banner. In its stripes and its stars are crystallized the record of the struggles, the sacrifices, the labor, and the victories that marked the development of our democracy. Through the interesting questions presented in this contest you can gain an astounding fund of patriotic information, and if your answers to the quiz are among the best submitted, you can gain a cash award to make the experience doubly profitable. You still can enter with an excellent chance to win, even though this is the third week of the competition. If you start now there will be time to make up lost ground later.

As you construct your answers you will realize that not every question is directly historical. Some deal with technical terms, some with correct forms, ceremonies, honors. All will combine to give you a complete picture of the evolution of our flag and how to honor it.

The brief Rules have been established to ensure equal opportunity to everyone who competes. Please observe them carefully in answering the questions of Quiz 3 on this page.

Late-Entry Opportunity

For the convenience of readers who will enter the competition from this page and for any reason do not have the quiz in last week's Liberty at hand, reprints of the first two quizzes have been prepared. If you require this material, mail your request to the contest address in Rule 8 and enclose ten cents in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing. When you receive the reprints you can bring your entry even with the field. In the meantime watch for Quiz No. 4 in Liberty dated May 10, on sale April 30.

FLAGS OF AMERICAN LIBERTY CHART

To supplement this contest Liberty has arranged to supply Flags of American Liberty, a sixteen-by-twenty-inch chart showing in seven colors sixty-six of the flags which have flown over our land since 1000 A. D. Each has a brief description of the circumstances under which it was displayed. It is not required that you have a copy of this chart in order to compete. Your reference work may be done in any manner you select. However, possession of this beautiful chart, which is suitable for framing and worthy of an honored place in every home or school, will undoubtedly eliminate much additional research. Copies, shipped postpaid in a substantial mailing tube, are available for 25 cents in stamps or coin. Send your order to the address in Rule 8.

THE RULES

1 Each week for thirteen weeks, ending with the issue dated July 12, 1941, Liberty will publish a set of questions about the flag of the United States.

2 To compete, simply clip the coupon containing the questions, paste it at the top of a sheet of paper, and write the answers in numerical order underneath.

3 Do not send in answers until the end of the contest, when your set of thirteen question coupons and requisite answers is complete. Then enter them as a unit. Individual coupons and answers cannot be accepted.

4 Anyone, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Macfadden Publications and members of their families.

5 The judges will be the editors of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

6 Entries will be judged on the basis of the accuracy and logic of the answers submitted. Brevity will count. Use only sufficient words to state your answers clearly.

7 On this basis the best entry submitted will be awarded the $500 First Prize. The second, third, and fourth best entries will be awarded $250, $100, and $50 prizes, in that order. The five next best entries will receive $10 each, and the 210 next best will be awarded $5 each. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

8 All entries must be submitted by first-class mail, addressed to Liberty, United States Flag Quiz Editor, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. No entry will be acknowledged or returned, nor can we enter into correspondence concerning any entry.

9 To be considered, entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, July 12, 1941, the closing date of this contest.

HISTORY OF OUR FLAG ★ QUIZ No. 3

Salute ye that flag that the Puritans waved
When came the great moment to free the enslaved,
The union of crosses red and of white
That blazoned the heavens as stars hail the night,
Ye Scots and brave Britons who weathered the deep,
That freedom forever awake from its sleep.

—HOWARD WISWALL BIBLE.

1. Identify the flag described in the above stanza.
2. Under what flag did Columbus voyage to the New World?
3. What was the first flag to be unfurled above Manhattan?
4. Under which English flag did Raleigh send his expeditions to North America?
5. In saluting the flag, what is the proper position for a civilian man?

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AT ALL BARS, DRUG AND CIGAR STORES

about Hollywood star salaries that girl wouldn't know.

For instance, she wouldn't know that "bonus" to a Hollywood actress means practically the same thing as "whip." A star bonus is a studio disciplinary endowment contrived with almost Oriental subtlety. It's not written in a contract, and what the studio giveth it also taketh away. As long as you're a good girl your bonus arrives. The minute you step slightly out of line you're likely to find your income embarrassingly reduced. And about that income—

I made $19,500.80 the last full year I worked. I saved less than $5,000. I live as modestly as any actress in town, including Garbo. You've heard the explanations before. All I can say is that you can't get around them. Income tax, clothes, agents' fees, charities, make-up, gifts, a certain standard of living demanded of any one in the Hollywood limelight. I don't know why, but it eats it up.

Now, in Hollywood you have to make it while you can, or you never do. I have no illusions about myself. I'm not the greatest dramatic artist to hit the cinema. I'm not Garbo, nor Hepburn, nor Bette Davis. I'm the siren type, heaven help me! Five years is a long life for screen charmers. One of the greatest, Marlene Dietrich, came back from her movie Elba only by changing her whole picture personality.

Sexations like me and Dorothy Lamour and Hedy Lamarr have to push our luck. Suppose I put $5,000 annually into my piggy bank and I last five years. That's $25,000. Will that keep me and my dependents—and every star quadruples those the minute she clicks—comfortable in our old age? Maybe that sounds like "down to her last yacht" talk. But, I ask you, is this fair:

I was eighteenth in the first twenty Hollywood "box-office personalities" for 1940. The other nineteen were paid from three to twelve times as much as I.

CERTAINLY screen stars make big money. But their bosses, the producers, make much more. The head of one studio drew over a million dollars last year *in salary alone*. They Drive by Night, a picture I made recently with George Raft, grossed over a million dollars the first eight weeks it was released.

Hollywood stars should be paid what they're worth to a studio in this volatile, risky business. Then there would be fewer strikes. During the filming of Elizabeth and Essex, "Queen" Bette Davis received $1,250 a week, while "Earl" Errol Flynn drew $4,600. Is that equitable? Bette had to banish herself to Butternut before she won a new contract at $3,500 and no more than three pictures a year.

In the Hollywood game of showdown between stars and their studios, the studios hold the aces. A star on strike at one studio can't make a picture at another. Even when it's legally on the up and up, that usually still holds good. Jimmy Cagney won his case in court, as I said. But after that he had to organize his own company to make pictures in Hollywood.

There's no way for a striking star to make a dime in Hollywood—unless she gets a tin cup and some pencils. Paragraphs like these are in every standard stock agreement:

The Artist agrees that she will not make any public or private appearances in any way connected with dramatic, theatrical, radio, television, or motion picture productions or shows or phonograph recordings or engage in any other similar occupation without the written consent of the producer.

The Artist hereby grants to the producer the sole and exclusive right, during the full term hereof, to use or make use of and control her name and/or distribute her pictures, photographs, or other reproductions of her physical likeness for advertising, commercial or publicity purposes, whether or not in connection with the acts, poses, plays and appearances of the artist. . . .

HOUDINI himself couldn't have wriggled out of that!

During my suspension I had to turn down radio offers amounting to $25,000, and personal appearances totaling nearly $200,000.

More costly than all is the damage to a star's popular standing. Hollywood stars live by two things, pictures and publicity. Both shut off like a faucet when suspension comes. Press agents a few weeks ago were pounding out reams of praise about lovely Ann Sheridan. But not during my "vacation." You didn't see my fair face on any advertising tie-ups, either.

I read some wonderful distortions about my "strike" in the papers: That I demanded $75,000 a picture, for instance, and $2,500 a week. Also a few choice but untrue items about my private life.

When I gave a party for the press to tell my side of the story one afternoon, half my guests arrived congratulating me on giving in and going back to work. They had been told I was celebrating that.

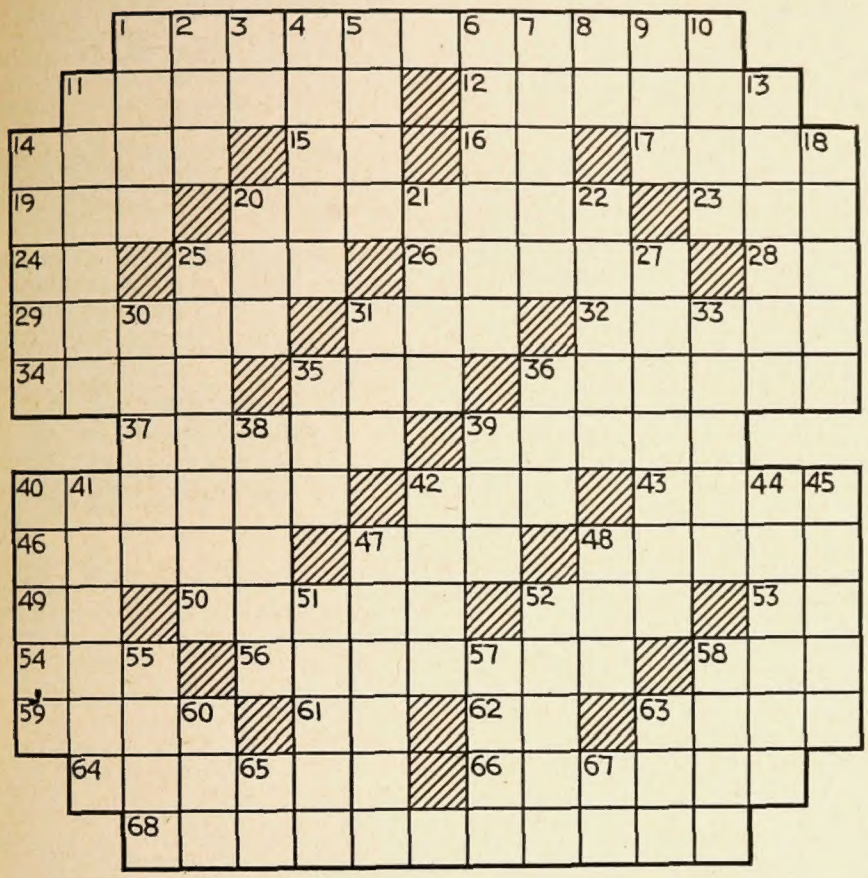
However, I suppose all is fair in love, war, and the picture business. I'm back at work now and, as far as I am concerned, bygones are bygones. Who won? Well, the studio is celebrating—and so am I!

Even stars can live and learn—despite what you read in the newspapers. For instance, I've learned that even the double-o of Oomph isn't strictly reliable. In the Hollywood game of chance the only safe color for a girl to play is black—on the white background of a new gilt-edged contract.

THE END

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 A big foundation
11 I never say a word without them
12 Brain storm (fem.)
14 Most popular guy in Congress—he gets more introductions!
15 There're two in every alphabet
16 Doesn't the Duce make you this?
17 What to use to cure the seven-year itch
19 Black bassberries
20 Cold-weather habit
23 D
24 The very end of the terminal
25 This is this is
26 Has a hole in the mental spasm
28 This current flowed in backward here (abbr.)
29 This is the most horrid thing any one can do in the morning (two words)
31 How Lamb gave the bird
32 The more you take out of them, the bigger they grow
34 What glamour girls like to do to men
35 "Would you be good enough to elevate yourself and quickly propel yourself to some distant point!" (Ozark)
36 What wise men do to a fifth drink
37 Snort nozzle
39 Small elevations deposited on pie lifters by arciferous tailless amphibians
40 America's kneady—do they make dough!
42 Dome diaper
43 Found on every shopping list
46 Ersatz silk
47 Chief weapon of Hank Greenberg's offense program
48 What officers' grub is
49 Very first part of arithmetic
50 Dough-holds
52 These are cold spells
53 If you owe this, you'll get power
54 Northwest Mounted Fandancers (abbr.)
56 For babies
58 Isn't this Grande!
59 A cabbage frightened by spinach
67 When do suits all have the same value? (abbr.)
62 Pons' throat gargle
63 When houses do this, they may fall into the hands of the sheriff
64 What good-looking men take when a good-looking gal goes by
66 Talks while making up; Fred Allenses (two words)
68 Bowlegged exclamation pernts

Last week's answer

VERTICAL

1 Ham enclosure
2 A bird brain
3 Cockeyed Editors (abbr.)
4 Nazis in bed sheets
5 Bum bargainer
6 This is puzzling, like a woman's mind
7 This pop's a sucker for kids
8 Looey (abbr.)
9 Vun
10 Whizway
11 Pansy with an inferiority complex
13 A roué's favorite relatives (Gallic)
14 Writes the German war communiqués
18 The bill the U. S. enjoyed lending the price of
20 Lip it up
21 Butter
22 By-by water
25 Big-sized spaghetti (pl.)
27 Guys that can't take it
30 Elephants find them down in the mouth
31 Horses ditto
33 What a greedy dog does
35 He convoys many a schooner over the bar
36 What my wife's evening dress becomes after two wearings
38 A nymphie-wymphie
39 Thought with prongs
40 What he drew when he married the blonde
41 One of the few to whom so many in England owe so much
42 There'll be a sharp rise should a member of the government sit on this
44 Sees things poetically
45 One of the Selznicks
47 What England never will be
48 I call mine a ball-and-shane (abbr.)
51 One of the DiMaggios
52 This is returnable to a mother during heavy weather on the sea of matrimony
55 Kind of house that never has any hits
57 If you start at the bottom and work up, you'll find this loathsome
58 These are funny to every one except the victim
60 Greek letter
63 Goebbel up the truth
65 Island almost entirely surrounded by land (reverse)
67 Loogan Shane! (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

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Winston Churchill Writes About the U-Boat Menace

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FULTON OURSLER

SOME TIME ago, before he was Premier, Winston Churchill wrote a magazine piece called The U-Boat Menace — How We Beat It Last Time. Between "last time" and now, of course, tremendous things have happened; yet this article by Mr. Churchill is from some points of view more timely today than when it was written. That is why you will find it in Liberty next week.

Mr. Churchill writes of French blunders and German mistakes, analyzes the tragedy of the Dardanelles, and comes to one of the great crucial questions of the last war—the grand U-boat attack on Allied shipping and the food and vessels which kept Great Britain alive. Two quotations will give you a foretaste of Mr. Churchill's vigorous handling of this question:

"Here, again, we were exposed to a mortal risk. Not merely defeat but subjugation and final ruin confronted our country. . . . Of all the tasks ever set the navy, nothing could have appeared more baffling than that of sheltering our enormous mercantile traffic and groping deep below the surface of the sea for the deadly elusive foe. . . . Here was certainly one of the vital turning points of the war. One of the moments when blessing and cursing hung in the balance."

HOW ENGLAND WILL MEET the U-boat menace of 1941 may be forecast by reading Mr. Churchill's story of how his country met it before. Here is an article, the first of a series of pieces by Mr. Churchill which Liberty is proud to present.

AMONG THE OTHER features which I can recommend enthusiastically are three short stories: I Love You and Good-by! by Ruth Burr Sanborn; Mr. Winters and the $10,000 Baby, another of the Sidney S. Lenz bridge tales; and Dear Ol' Deadline, by Dunlea Hurley. Among the articles I hope you won't miss: What a Young Wife's Love Means to an Old Man, by Maurice Maeterlinck; The Private Life of One of the Prettiest Things on Legs, by Frederick Lewis; What *Is* 100 Per Cent American? by Channing Pollock; My Old Kentucky Horse, by Bob Hope; Radio Fluffs, by Mort Lewis; and Life Without Fear, by Madeleine Carroll. You will also find full installments of all the serials, including War Girl, by Keith Ayling; The Unobstructed Universe, by Stewart Edward White; and Footloose! by Grace Perkins; and all your favorite departments.

SALMAGUNDI: A federal income-tax man told me of a strange phenomenon. Many of the returns which came in showed no tax due, because of exemptions, but nevertheless they arrived with five- and ten-dollar bills pinned to the printed forms. Generally there was a little note attached which said in effect: "Please use this for the defense of my country." . . . From all over the U. S. A. came letters endorsing our recent criticism of the tasteless oaf who played Adeste Fideles in swing time over the radio. This was sacrilege sheer, downright, and absolute—an affront to the feelings of every Christian. But even when they are not sacrilegious, the swing-time addicts often affront persons of good taste by degrading good music with besotted rhythms. No one can possibly object to any one liking swing music. One recalls the old man who kissed the cow—every one to his taste—but the degenerate practice of debasing beautiful melodies and harmonies, swinging beloved folk songs and even the exquisite fantasies of Chopin and others, is a cheap and painful impertinence. It is also a blatant confession that many so-called composers of today cannot compose. They can only decompose what they rob from the dead. . . . I know that Mr. Alton L. Murphree of Honolulu does not agree with me in all this. He was one of many who wrote me and stood up for swing. He believes that those who like classical arrangements do not have to listen to swing versions. In this he is much mistaken. We have eyelids to shut out horrible sights but no earlids to shut out horrible noises. You hear these sounds spilling out of apartment-house windows, seeping through the walls; they come through the radios of restaurants, and where not? They are almost everywhere, including one's nightmares. . . . Milton L. Morris, Division Passenger Agent of the Missouri Pacific Lines, in Austin, Texas, having read of our experience on two fast Minnesota trains, writes as follows:

"Having been employed in the Passenger Traffic Department of the Missouri Pacific Lines some fifty years and surrounded with railroad atmosphere, I was very naturally interested in your trip on the fast trains. I am sure that all the railroad people in the country fully appreciate your deep interest in and appreciation of the Diesel-powered streamline trains. With utmost due respect, admiration, and best wishes for the Zephyr, Hiawatha, Rocket, and all other famous streamline trains, we wish to call your attention to the Missouri Pacific Lines' new Eagle, serving St. Louis, Jefferson City, Kansas City, and Omaha—the world's finest daily train—and we earnestly beg to invite you to ride and carefully inspect the Eagle as our guest on any come soon convenient date, and will appreciate your kind acceptance at any time by telegram." When we get down that way, Milton, you may be sure you will hear from us! . . . Jimmy Pruitt, inmate editor of the Lochsa Pioneer, published monthly by the inmates of the federal prison camp at Kooskia, Idaho, has just done a very constructive thing. In his little magazine he has introduced a department called The Amplifier, devoted to discussions by other prison editors on how conditions, as they affect men and women who are being discharged from America's penal institutions, could be improved. God knows the need for improvement is tremendous, and I hope that something good comes from this constructive journalist's undertaking. Congratulations to Editor Pruitt. . . . The Federal Bureau of Investigation from July, 1939, to June, 1940, recovered stolen property totaling in value $58,390,180.64. Here is a branch of government that pays its own way. Know many more?

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

The American Way of Life

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

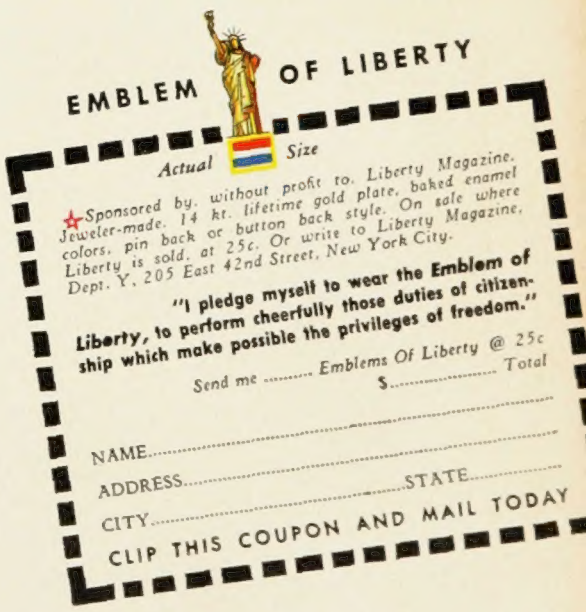
COVER BY ELSIE GILBERT

THE SWASTIKA on a Nazi's arm means only that he belongs to "the party," that he's "one of the boys." It is his license to swagger over mere Germans, his membership card in the world's most brutal political club.

THIS MEANS "I BELIEVE"

THE EMBLEM of Liberty, on an American's lapel, signifies that he *believes*. That he believes in a way of life beyond privilege and party. A way of life as big and broad as the land from which it sprang. Big enough to allow the freedom of opinion, freedom of worship, freedom of opportunity which have made this country great.

Liberty, the magazine, was founded to promote *liberty* —the American way of life. Liberty Magazine sponsors "The Emblem of Liberty" for those Americans who want to show how they feel in these threatening times. For those who recognize the duties that make possible the privileges of citizenship, who want to be more actively Americans. For those who *believe!*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In cigarettes, as in dive bombers, it's modern design that counts!

"Right, partner_ modern design means a cooler milder cigarette_ Pall Mall"

● Modern design has made a vast difference in dive bombers—has given these streamlined "eagles" a vital edge in flying efficiency.

And listen to the men who fly them. They'll tell you that modern design is just as important in a cigarette as it is in a dive bomber.

Outstanding example is Pall Mall—greatest forward step in smoking pleasure in thirty years.

Pall Mall is modern, streamlined—over 20% longer than old-fashioned cigarettes—deliberately designed for better smoking.

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Result? Pall Mall provides in fact what all other cigarettes claim in theory—a milder, less irritating smoke.

Prove it! Yourself, try Pall Mall critically. See if you, too, don't agree with the flying men who say: "Right, partner . . . modern design means a cooler, milder cigarette—Pall Mall."

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"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"